

"The homes of true women are the nurseries of national virtue."

# The HOME: a FIRESIDE MONTHLY

COMPANION and Guide for



the Wife,  
the Sister,  
the Mother, and the Daughter.

EDITED BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.—Single copies, one year, \$1,50; three copies, \$4,00 seven copies, \$8,00; ten copies, \$10,00.

SINGLE NUMBERS, 12½ CENTS.

VOL. IV.—JULY—NO. 1.

BUFFALO:  
PUBLISHED BY BEADLE & ADAMS,  
No. 227 MAIN STREET,  
1857.



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# THE HOME:

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FOR

*The Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.*

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VOL. IV.—JULY, 1857.—NO. I.

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MARY HOWITT

ONE of the best known and most beloved of living authoresses, was born in Staffordshire, England, near the beginning of the present century. Her ancestors on her father's side were for many generations Quakers, and she was herself reared in that faith, with even more than Puritanical strictness. How uncongenial to her buoyant, cheerful disposition she found

the severity of her early training, she has herself recorded: "My childhood was happy in many respects. It was so, indeed, as far as physical health, and the enjoyment of a beautiful country, of which I had an intense relish, and the companionship of a dearly beloved sister went—but oh! there was such a cloud over all from the extreme severity of so called religious



education, it almost made cowards and hypocrites out of us, and made us feel that, if this were religion, it was a thing to be feared and hated. My childhood had completely two phases, —one dark as night, one bright as day; the bright one I have attempted to describe in 'My own Story,' which is the true picture of the cheerful side of the first ten years of my life. We studied poetry, botany, and flower painting, and, as children, wrote poetry. These pursuits were almost out of the pale of permitted Quaker pleasures, but we pursued them with a perfect passion — doing in secret that which we dared not do openly; such as reading Shakspeare, translations of the classics, the elder novelists; and, in fact, laying the libraries of half the little town where we lived under contribution.

"We studied French and chemistry at this time, and enabled ourselves to read Latin, storing our minds with a whole mass of heterogeneous knowledge. This was good as far as it went; but there wanted a directing mind, a good sound teacher, and I now deplore over the secrecy, the subterfuge, the fear under which this ill-digested, ill-arranged knowledge was gained."

In 1821 she was married to William Howitt, and at about the same time became an author. The first labor of the married pair was a joint collection of their poems, which was approvingly received by the public.

Mrs. Howitt was now in a situation most congenial to her tastes. Her passion for literature was appreciated and fostered by her talented husband. With a rare sympathy of tastes and pursuits, these two gifted authors have passed nearly forty years together, and still continue their interesting companionship. We recollect but two or three similar instances in the history of English literature.

About the year 1835, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt with their children went to Germany, for the purpose of acquiring its language, and acquainting them-

selves with its literature. They resided there three years. There Mrs. Howitt first read the works of Miss Bremer, and resolved to become her translator. She applied herself so successfully to the Swedish language, that she was soon able to introduce her friends to the charming tales of her northern sister. She has translated nearly all the works of Miss Bremer, besides many others from the German and Danish.

Mrs. Howitt is also a voluminous original author both in prose and verse. As a ballad writer, she is scarcely surpassed in the present age. Her "Fairies of the Caldon Low" is equal to the best of Southey's and Wordsworth's. Her tales will always be popular, and evidently aim to make mankind happier, better, and more hopeful. All her works are characterized by purity, tenderness, and truth, and breathe the faith and earnestness of the Christian woman.

Notwithstanding her literary avocations, Mrs. Howitt has performed the sweet offices of wife and mother with faithfulness. Her daughter, Anna Mary Howitt, inherits her genius, and is regarded as a young author of great promise.

### MOTHERLESS.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO ANNIE W. LEONARD.

BY WILLIE WARE.

DEATH has with its dark pall,  
A shadow o'er thee cast;  
Many the tears that fall  
In memory of the past.

Weep not! thy mother's rest,  
So free from pain or fear,  
Is on her Saviour's breast,  
Far from our trials here.

Weep not! the sainted dead  
Thou'lt meet in heaven above,  
Where joy will crown thy head,  
And all is peace and love.

There parting is not known,  
And sorrow cometh not;  
And flowers forever bloom  
In that celestial spot.

BROOKLYN, May, 1857.



AIMS AND ENDS.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, dear! I'm sure there's no sense to this verb," said Amanda Wilmington, shutting her French grammar impatiently; "but that hic, hec, hoc, of yours is wonderfully expressive, Emily," she added, looking over the shoulder of the one addressed. "Well, I believe one thing in the Bible is true," she continued, with a scornful air, "and that is, 'much study is a weariness of the flesh;' so you see, Emily, I am fast becoming a convert by your faithfulness. Come, Sarah," said she, going to the mirror to arrange her curls, "come; don't trouble your head any longer with those angles and quadrangles; let's dress for dinner, and plead the headache for poorly-learned lessons. Ho-hum! well, I'm glad it's coming summer, for pa has promised me some beautiful thin dresses—a new style entirely they were, only put on in Paris quite late in the season; so, of course, will create a great sensation here among the natives."

The three school girls sat together in their apartment, each incited by different aims, as they followed the same pursuit. Emily Benton, the youngest, was amiable and winning in her manners, though possessing a strength of will sufficient for any purpose. Her face was fair, yet its chief attraction lay in the inward beauty that her countenance so gracefully reflected. Amanda's charms belonged almost solely to the material, yet they were vested with such power that their skillful exercise always insured success. With her, the tenement was more than the soul, and the casket of greater moment than the jewel it enshrined. Sarah Whitney, another of the trio, had unconsciously deified intellect until its impulses and incentives held over her an entire sway; but her broad forehead grew paler, and her dark eye more lustrous, as the hope within grew strong.

"And you think, Sarah, that you should always like such delving?" said Amanda, referring to a previous conversation.

"Yes; I know of no higher pleasure than such delving as you are pleased to term it," replied Sarah.

"The head should not govern the heart entirely," interposed Emily.

"I am satisfied," said Sarah, "science brings to me a world of enjoyment, and if always permitted to grasp its truths, I am sure they would never lose a charm. Yes, Emily, the visions of brightness that crowd my dreams must be realized; it may be ambition has given them birth; if so, I wonder not that Napoleon was led on from conquest to conquest with a will so irresistible."

"Science is not all of life, Sarah, neither does it afford the strongest and noblest pleasures of which we are capable—else the attributes of the soul were given for a secondary purpose—and, to be plain, Sarah, I think you cherish the visions of fancy quite too much; an ideal personage might subsist in an ideal world; but in this supernal sphere of ours, we have a large share of the real to follow our dreams, and the one often unfits us for the other."

"If I was going to dream," said Amanda, "I'm sure it would be of something different from what either of you have spoken; it would be of the old world and its storied palaces, its titled lords and ladies, its chivalrous sons and gallant knights, who would scale towers, or wage a kingdom for the love of some fair lady."

"You must capture one of these knights," said Sarah, "in your contemplated tour, and bring him home to astonish our American eyes if the genera is not yet extinct."

"And whom shall we hear that you have won?" asked Amanda. "If you hear that I am married, you may be sure it was a last resort. But these thoughts of Europe make me feel very studious," said Amanda, after making her toilet much to her satisfaction.



Pa spoke again in his last letter of my going whenever I had completed my studies. So where's the old grammar again, for French you know will be indispensable, and the unnecessary I will gladly leave for you."

"How can you be satisfied with so superficial an education?" said Sarah.

"Oh, fie!" said the Broadway Miss, with an indignant toss of the head, which misplaced her patience as well as her curls, "I wouldn't give a fig for your ambition or education either."

## CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed, and the quondam school-friends were far from the roof of Madam Dillaye. Amanda, in accordance with her plans, had joined a gay party, and was making a tour of the Continent, being delighted with sight-seeing, the fashions of court, and the constant routine of excitement at her command. Sarah was at home, sad and dispirited, for the day-star of her life was folded in heavy clouds. She had partially recovered from an illness of weeks, but was forbidden to resume her studies for months to come. Her friend Emily was spending vacation with her, beguiling with happy effect the tedium and weariness of the sick room.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Sarah, with a look of sad impatience, "here are so many weeks' lost time; how hard I must labor to regain them!"

"Not lost, dear Sarah, for you know life is a school; and when wisdom's God is directly our teacher, we ought, certainly, to profit thereby." A look of weariness was the only response. "Supposing," said Emily, "that this castle of yours was blown down, and in its stead was one of loftier dimensions, illumined by an unfading light; the hopes you cherish to-day might still lend their brightness to the temple, though they would be subordinate to those more glorious. I tell you, Sarah, and I speak from experience, that though our fairest hopes must

sometimes be laid in the dust, it is often like precious seed, hid for awhile in darkness, and anon bearing fruit unto eternal life. But you are tired, Sarah — forgive me for talking so long."

"Oh, no! dear Emily, not tired," said Sarah, as the blinding tear-drops fell from her eyes.

"Let me give you a pleasanter seat," said Emily; and she hastened to arrange the arm-chair with its soft cushion, not forgetting any of the little kindnesses which gladden a sick chamber.

Fair flowers exhaled in the sunlight, and the crimson flush deepened on the invalid's cheek; but the flowers were exhausted by their fragrance, and the fever flush was wasting the fountain of life.

"See!" said Emily, holding up a slipper she was embroidering for Sarah, "how well the drab and blue silk work with the gold thread — but here comes Bridget with a letter for you, post-marked 'Paris;' and I'm sure it's Amanda's superscription."

"Read it aloud, Emily. It's a long time since she has written."

The letter from Amanda gave a glowing description of her travels, conquests, etc; though it was evident that the same spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction still had a place in her heart as of old. She expressed some regrets for the past, especially that her German and French were not at better command.

Amanda's letter had opened a new train of thought, and the busy hours of the past were crowded into the narrow present, while Sarah and Emily sat amid those tableaux of the olden time, until the golden glory of the sunset became a sable cloud.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many months passed by, and the spring-time came again to redeem the earth from a stern and icy bondage. Its balmy breath had clothed with verdure a thousand hills; soft showers descended with the twilight, and



meadow blossoms, glittering with pearly drops, rejoiced in the morning sun. "But the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth." As in the dark bosom of the earth diamonds are gathered for kingly crowns, so, beneath the surface of humanity, angels find jewels for the Redeemer's crown.

There were hushed voices and noiseless footfalls in the chamber of death — there was weeping below, and brightness above; but the light of heaven and the tears of earth, formed a bow of resplendent beauty, whose promise should never fail. Sarah was no more; the spirit had departed, but a smile of triumph lingered on the pale brow, like a heavenly seal, awaiting the resurrection morn. She had drank of that knowledge which satisfies the soul, and learned of Him who giveth beauty for ashes, and garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Aye, truly hath England's poet said:

"How very vain  
The greatest speed of all these souls of men,  
Unless they travel upward to Thy throne,  
Thou satisfying One."

Hope, radiant with the sunlight of her native sphere, ministered to the bereaved, echoing the welcome-song of the angels, and its chorus was this saying oft heard upon the earth, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

### CHAPTER III.

A FAIR lady, robed in mourning, sat in the soft light of a curtained window, with a pupil at her side.

"You understand me, don't you, Jennie?" said the patient teacher: "the Indians, alarmed at the increased population of the whites in North Carolina, formed the horrid plot of destroying all the white people in Roanoke; twelve hundred were concerned in the plan, and they went from house to house slaughtering men, women, and children. Only think — one hundred and thirty-seven families were put to death in the hours of that

fatal night. You understand clearly, do you, Jennie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, what plot was this of which we have been speaking?"

A dull, stolid expression met the teacher's gaze, as the child replied, "A grass plot, ma'am."

"A grass plot, my dear? why! do you not remember about the Indians and their cruel murders?" A look of dull bewilderment was the only reply. "Your head aches, doesn't it, Jennie? You may go to your room, and not study any more to-day," said her teacher.

In the person of Mrs. Allen, the teacher, we recognize the Emily of other years. The bloom of early womanhood had not yet faded from her cheek, and her soft, waving hair fell over an unwrinkled brow. There was a grace and dignity in her bearing, and a polish of manner which admirably fitted her to sustain the high social position she had attained. Her husband had died two years previous, leaving her a fine property invested in the boarding-school, of which they had for some time had charge. Located in one of the pleasant, aristocratic towns of New England, it shared largely the patronage of the wealthy and fashionable.

Mrs. Allen employed teachers, so that the most of her time, excepting the general oversight, was at her own disposal, thus securing leisure for whatever purpose she chose. And she still pursues her accustomed course, exerting a salutary influence on those around her, and laboring with watchful love for her children, so early bereft of a father's care.

Amanda, after her return from Europe, had married a millionaire of her native city, and the years of fashionable life were passing with her amid scenes of hilarity and excitement, or of depression and ennui. She had two daughters, one of whom we have already noticed as the Jennie of Mrs. Allen's school. When an infant, she had fallen from her nurse's arms,



receiving an injury which had palsied or destroyed all the finer faculties of the intellect. At times her mind was partially clear, so that by patience and perseverance on the part of her teachers, she had progressed somewhat in the elementary sciences; then, a mist and darkness would gather about whatever she attempted to understand, or had previously learned. Already a small fortune had been expended on her education, and she was yet a constant pupil in the boarding-school of B. . . . And why?—ah! the injured child was but a burden and annoyance in her fashionable home.

The gay mother, her love so adulterated that it was but little better than a poison, lavished on the daughter who mirrored her charms the care that both should have shared. Yet the unfortunate Jennie was happier than at home, though often subject to the scorn and taunts of rapid school-girls, and depending upon strangers for the kindness and sympathy that should spring from parental love.

### THE CHILDREN'S NIGHT.

BY M. A. RIPLEY.

MR. and Mrs. Marston were very indulgent parents. Not only had they the disposition to be so, but they possessed ample means to gratify their children, in any of their reasonable desires. They had arranged their house, with a view to the pleasure and instruction of their family. One large, airy room was called the play-room; and there the boys could play with their balls, and the girls could swing, or jump the rope. Mr. Marston also found a great deal of happiness in meeting with his children occasionally, and sharing in their amusements. And very frequently he had them all in the library, and told them entertaining stories from history, and in this way he combined pleasure with instruction, so that he hoped they would grow up intelligent, thinking beings, fond of home and its associations; an honor to their parents, and

ornaments to the circle in which they might find themselves.

One of the "institutions" of the Marston family was the "Tuesday evening re-union." All the family were on that evening expected to be at home, and often the children were allowed to invite some of their friends. Their plays commenced about seven o'clock, and were finished by half after eight, so that the little folks could be at home and in bed at a proper hour. Mr. Marston, with his wife, was always present with the children, and engaged with them in their amusements; and when the evening was nearly over, the nuts and apples made their appearance, and were heartily enjoyed by all. So you see the Marston children had such pleasant times at home, that the boys never cared about going into the street for company, and the girls were well pleased to remain within the guarded home-sanctuary.

I once had the pleasure of being among the Tuesday evening visitors. There were a few of the children of the neighborhood present, and I shall never forget the care which the little boys and girls manifested, that their behavior should be perfectly correct. They were all neatly dressed, and were very quiet in their conversation. On this evening the library, as well as the play-room, was given up for their use. The first play was "Hiding the Thimble." All of the children but the one who was to hide it, would go into the play-room, while that one would remain in the library. Sometimes it would be hidden in a place where it could be easily found; then again the hider would take a great deal of pains to perplex the finders. When the signal was given, they came into the library, and the search commenced. Hot—cold—hot—cold, would be continually heard, but I could not imagine how the children, scattered as they were all over the room, one or two searching among the books, some about the mantel, and others quietly looking about our chairs or heads, could tell who was hot or who was



cold; in other words, who was near the thimble, or who was far away from it. But some one always found it in the course of a few minutes, and that one was to hide it next time.

This play was a very still one, as the children had a rule that none but the one who hid the thimble should speak. If they spoke they were to go instantly to the play-room, and remain there until the thimble was again hidden. These children were just as happy playing according to rule, and, I think, a great deal more so, than if they had allowed themselves to have been noisy and unruly. I think when children play in a rude, boisterous manner, they are likely to get into difficulty with each other.

They played many other games, among which were "Magic Music," "Blind Man's Buff," etc. Some of the older children amused themselves with dissected maps, and after the refreshments had been brought in, Mr. Marston told them laughable anecdotes, and puzzled them with charades, and in this way the entire evening passed very agreeably.

Now, Mr. Marston had business to attend to, or books to read, and might have excused himself from these weekly gatherings, had he not felt that the future peace of his children, as well as his own, depended in a high degree on the strength of their love for home. So he endeavored in every way to fasten the interests, the pleasures, and the affections of his children, to the altar of home. He always had a plan with regard to these evenings, always prepared himself to diversify the amusements by some story, or by introducing new plays, and the little ones were never satisfied without his help.

When he came home from his business, the news was telegraphed from one little heart to the other, until even the baby learned that the great event of the day was "papa's" return.

In after years, let these children be thrown where they may, they will ever look back upon childhood as the Eden of their life. They can not go

far astray, with their tastes formed, their characters developed, in the atmosphere of such a home, around such a fireside, where love and charity are the presiding genii; where they are taught to cling to all that is beautiful and kindly in life, and to flee from what is low and debasing. When they go out into the world, they will find allurements to sin on every hand, and if not kept from falling by the pure and holy examples ever set before them in their own home, our faith in parental influence may well be shaken.

These parents considered that on Tuesday evening, the children's night, they were engaged — engaged to be with them, to add to their happiness, and allowed nothing that could be postponed to prevent their fulfilling this appointment. We scarcely feel that "they are casting bread upon the waters, to find it after *many* days," for they now reap the fruit of their efforts, in the love of parents and home, which seems to have taken such firm root in the hearts of their children.

## MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

BY A. C. JUDSON.

GENTLY, mother, gently  
Chide thy little one,  
'Tis a toilsome journey  
It hath just begun;  
Many a vale of sorrow,  
Many a rugged steep,  
Lieth in its pathway,  
And full oft 't will weep —  
Oh! then gently — gently.

Kindly, mother — kindly,  
Speak in tender tone,  
That dear child, remember  
Echoes back thine own;  
Teach it gentle accents,  
Teach it words of love,  
Let the softest breezes  
Its young heart-strings move —  
Kindly, mother — kindly.

Would'st thou have the setting  
Of a gem most fair,  
In a crown of beauty  
It were thine to wear?  
Mother! train with caution  
That dear little one;  
Guide, reprove, and ever  
Let the work be done  
Gently, mother — kindly.



### WHAT A POOR MAN'S WIFE OUGHT TO BE.

"THE majority of young women, indeed, enter the married state wholly unfit to discharge the important and responsible functions of their new office. The consequence is, that we find them at open war with their husbands before they have been married a month. The art of making home happy is not understood by them. Exceptions, of course, there are; but the majority lack cleanly and tidy habits—habits of order, and habits of punctuality. When children cluster about them, their work is more difficult; but a large number lose their influence over their husbands before the difficulty is increased by these maternal troubles.

"It is mere thoughtlessness. They are out gossiping and idling when they ought to be preparing for their husband's return from his work. The man comes home from the field or the factory to find an untidy room, and no symptoms of preparation for the evening meal. His wife has made no attempt to smarten herself; and his first growl of disappointment, in all probability, is responded to by a sulky face and a sharp tongue. It may almost be laid down as a rule, that the man returns home, after his day's work, more or less in an ill-humor. He is tired, hungry, and thirsty, and has, perhaps, had to endure some hard rubs in the course of his day's labor. He has been rebuked, and threatened with dismissal, justly or unjustly, by his task-master; or he has quarreled with his comrades, or he has had bad weather to encounter, he has broken or damaged his tools, and been altogether unsuccessful in his work. He goes home out of humor with the world, but still hoping to find comfort and consolation where he has a right to look for it. He is disappointed, and he is at no pains to conceal his disappointment. The wife excuses herself, and resents his querulousness. There is an end to the happy, quiet

evening he had promised himself. And if he does not betake himself to the pot-house, he sulks in the chimney corner, over an unsociable pipe, and wonders he was such a fool as to marry."

There are two sides to this. If the wife has performed her duties at home, she too has had her trials. And if it is her duty for her husband's sake to keep back the fretfulness which these daily annoyances tend to bring, so it is the husband's duty for her sake to bury the discontent which his own cares have caused. And neither party should wait for the other. It is just as much the duty of each to do this, whether the other does it or not. For each by the preservation of his or her own cheerfulness will most effectually secure it in the other.

But if the wife has been out gossiping and idling when she ought to be preparing for her husband's return, we do not know how she is to meet him cheerfully, for she has the shame of her own misconduct and the sting of conscience to bear, which is the hardest trial of all. And if she can not rouse herself to a better performance of her duty, we know of no way in which she can secure cheerfulness or comfort in her family. [ED. HOME.]

### FLOWERS.

LOVELY flowers! Ye are the harbingers of joy and happiness; and your presence is sought by the refined and cultivated mind, as being a source of pleasure and improvement. Mark the various flowers which decorate our lovely land, and in what can you find a truer type of human life? Ever varied and changing as is the fate of man, a human history can be traced in every blossom.

When the tender plant first springs into existence, fresh and vigorous, it shoots upward and is nourished and strengthened by the soil around it. It



continues its growth till it reaches the full developed flower. Here it seems to remain for a time, conscious of its beauty and reveling in its brightness; then takes its way to decay, and is soon lost to view. Thus is the life of man. The child received impressions quickly, and matures rapidly, till he reaches manhood. Here he seems to pause and act his part on the great stage of life, and then passes down the decline of age, into the grave as does the flower.

Flowers seem the fit companions for the human mind. Let us gaze on them in what mood we may, they have always a silent lesson to teach us. If we are angry, they seem to look on us reprovingly, and if we will but listen to them they will soften our feelings and implant within our hearts the seeds of love and forbearance. If the storms of misfortune and sorrow have raged over us, let us mark the tender flower that the storm has nearly crushed; soon it raises its head toward heaven, and 'hope' is written on it in characters not easily mistaken. Oh, ye children of poverty, cherish and cultivate flowers. They will cheer you through the rough path of life, and, though poverty is your portion, they will impart a pleasure which wealth can not give. PAULINE.

#### THE LITTLE DANCER.

IT is twilight: that point of time when Day and Evening seem to meet quietly, the one to yield the scepter swayed over one-half this earth during the last twelve hours; the other to assume it. And many a light foot patters by my window, but none awaken thought, save the graceful step of yon fair child, going, as I know she is, to the theater. And her mother is with her. While many a childish head bows low at the hushed tones of a mother's prayer for her darlings, this little one must find her way to the green-room, where she is arrayed, not

for the smoothed couch of rest, but for the glaring, glittering stage.

There, beneath the flashing of the brilliant lights, beneath the chained eyes of the crowds in the galleries, she will trip before them in the dance. And instead of the evening song, calming each troubled feeling, and bringing pure thoughts to the young heart, she must hear the loud, vulgar applause of the pit, or the more welcome cheering from the boxes; she must learn to bear the rude gaze of a mixed multitude, gathered from every haunt of vice, as well as from the refined homes of our city. Instead of a mother's word or look of love and approval, she must seek the homage of the crowd. Haply, there be some lookers-on who think of their own little ones, and pity her. It is a deadly atmosphere for that young soul — that green-room, haunted by vice in its varied forms — the air laden with the profanity of its frequenters.

Mother! lead your child back again to your own quiet fireside, if you have one. It may be your eye sees but this one way of earning bread. It is costly then! You may not afford the price! Better for your child that she slept in her coffin, with the white pillows lying about those sunny curls, the lithe limbs and elastic form clothed in the pale garments of the grave, than that she should follow the trodden path stretching before her! Your bright bud will not become a sweet blossom under such culture. We almost feel that it were better it should bloom the other side of the wall which separates Time from Eternity, than to be so blighted and unsightly as we fear it will be. May He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," care for this lamb, and amid the roughness of life's mountain track, bear her in his bosom!

BUFFALO, May, 1857.

Of all the people upon earth, the Greeks dreamed the loveliest dreams of life.



## HE, OR SHE?

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"MR. Wilson," said the wife, in *falsetto*:

No answer from the gentleman.

"I say, Mr. Wilson!"

"I know you said so," the husband replied *sotto voce*.

"Said what?" the lady flashed out, a note higher.

"Mr. Wilson," he returned, in a still more subdued tone.

"Well! and why did you not answer me as you used to do?"

"Because, I suppose, if there was any reason, that you did not speak as you used to do."

"I know I am changed, very much changed, and it is no wonder at all. If you will be patient with me, I should like to have a talk with you."

"I am all patience; a man has need to be, in these times," Mr. Wilson replied superciliously.

"Do n't tell me that now—please do n't, for my temper is all gone, which rose because you did not answer me when I first spoke to you. I am sorry I purchased a more costly carpet than you wished, and will go and countermand the order if it remains uncut."

"No! you won't, Mrs. Wilson. What would they think of us to buy a cheaper article after an order was once given? I told you to get it if you *thought best*, but I did not suppose you would *think it best*, after I explained to you how cramped my affairs were at present. *You* did as you pleased, and now *I* must abide the bill."

Mr. Wilson rose, and was about going out to spend the evening somewhere else, when his wife looked up beseechingly into his face, and asked if he *must* go, and received a short "Yes!" with no look, or excuse for absence.

The outer door had hardly received the slam—which is one of the safety valves of ill-temper—when Mrs. Wilson did, as most women do, had a

good cry: We will leave her, weeping out her troubles to the sofa pillow, while we go back to the dear little New England village where Mrs. Wilson had romped in pantalettes, and grown beautiful in the healthy atmosphere of a happy home. There is no need to draw on our imagination to paint her picture with the pen, so I will describe her as she looked the morning Mr. Wilson arrived at the door of her father's parsonage.

Her pet canary had escaped from its pretty cage, and had led her a rollicking chase before he would allow himself to be captured. She came into the great hall panting and laughing, with her two white hands holding the tiny captive up to her smoothly-rounded chin, and her cheeks glowed in the sunshine of that autumn day. Her hair hung in long, loose curls, which the wind had tumbled over and over, till it looked like a mass of wavy golden clouds, kissed by the lips of the morning, and left like a bright blessing upon her forehead. Her eyes were like the deep blue above her, and the same wind which frolicked with her curls, had left a soft brown tint—which increased the beauty of her complexion. She was neither short nor tall, neither stout nor slender, but there seemed a completeness to her person which left it difficult to describe, except by saying—she was altogether a charming picture of unstudied beauty.

George Wilson had been sent to Doctor Phillips, from Old Hall, to *rusticate*. Every student knows what that means, but some know far better than others. George Wilson was perfecting his knowledge of the term, for the first time, much to his annoyance. He dreaded this first visit to a New England village more than he had ever anticipated he should, but of course he never expected to travel among her hills under such peculiar circumstances. He had been put down by the stage-coach that morning in a very blue condition, and was sitting in the great hall of the old



parsonage awaiting the return of the good old man, who was to tutor him for awhile. The aspect of blue took another color as Miss Mary Philips flitted past him, scared at the idea of the rush she had made into the presence of the young city gent. Rusticating seemed to have a very different meaning, as he heard the young lady call Mrs. Philips "mother!" and the idea of the vision becoming a permanency.

It is not to my purpose to follow these two through the few months that succeeded their first meeting. George Wilson was young, fine-looking, and had a prospect of wealth from the fine business talents he possessed naturally, and the no inconsiderable capital at his command when his college course should be completed.

Pet Philips — as she was called at home and in the village — was the pride of her household and the good people of the congregation. She had been educated by her father, with all the care the great mind and warm heart of such a man could give. She knew few of the conventionalities of the world, but she was too graceful and too naturally polite to be out of her sphere in any condition of life. It was no strange thing that these two should find in their hearts a growing affection for each other, and part with a solemn promise to share the future whatever it might be.

The fastidious mother of George tried to consider it a boyish flirtation, and break off the engagement; but with all his defects, George had a true heart in his bosom. Mrs. Wilson being a widow, and fashionable in her tastes, was very desirous her son's future wife should be in all respects worthy her son; that is, she must be in every way presentable to Mrs. Wilson's high-bred friends. George knew this very well, and had no fears for the impression his future bride would make either in conversation or manners; but the wardrobe was common, very common, and by that crite-

rian his friends would judge her, and her position at home. She must have her tastes elevated, and the means to gratify them must be in her reach.

He commenced very adroitly by making her such presents as would contrast strongly with her former possession. Her two silk dresses, which had been a source of anxiety to her beloved mother, lest some one of the people of the parish should think her vain, were gifts from the generous of the flock. These, George said, were tawdry and common; and when the flush came upon her cheek at the disrespect shown to the pride of her small stock of clothing, he changed the blush of indignation to one of modesty, by saying nothing was fine enough for her beautiful figure, or sufficiently recherche for her exquisite loveliness. Gems must replace the roses she wore in her hair, and the little knot of ribbon which fastened her snowy collar was changed for a superb pearl pin. The little thin gold ring which had been the precious gift of her grandmother, must be cast aside for a diamond from Mrs. Wilson.

Pet's own hands had made such cunningly-wrought collars for her neck, that her simple-hearted mother thought them wonders of art, while George laughed at the hieroglyphics her fairy hands had traced; and when the tears came up at the contempt he threw upon her needle-work, he laughingly called her a magician, tormenting him with her unearthly tracery. Then he remembered very suddenly that his mother had given him a package for Pet, which he had entirely forgotten till that very moment, and by some strange coincidence it was several samples of the very article in question, of exquisite pattern, and to the simple girl, of fabulous costliness. It was not so easy to approach her bonnet, and cloak, and so they were left to the ingenuity of the future mother.

Pet was invited to spend a month or two in the country, near New York, where Mrs. Wilson had gone ostensibly to escape society for a time, but in



truth to put poor Pet through a thorough drilling and renovating. She must lose all her simple-heartedness, cultivate a distaste for the pure and true of her village surroundings, and then how proud Mrs. Wilson would be to show the bride elect of her only son!

It is unnecessary to go through the ordeal with our heroine, but suffice it to say, the love of the seemingly lovely grew upon her, and as gift after gift was lavished upon her under one pretext and another, she learned to enjoy them for the sake of him for whom she did all things, and to look back with wonder at the paltry gifts of her old friends which so delighted her at home. The simple straw hat with its white ribbons and rosebuds, was displaced for one of those nondescripts, which nothing but reality or a highly-colored print in *Godey* could picture to the imagination of the uninitiated.

All these changes from her old ways of living were made to appear indispensable to the credit of her future husband, and, of course, any thing which was of importance to him, became a serious matter of conscience with the loving girl. She knew well that her dear old father would not approve, but then he was ignorant of the requirements of society, and could not understand how people differed in their estimates of what makes the man or woman in a small village or in a large city. One point she would not yield. She would be married in the dear old church where she was christened, and her mother should bestow the bridal costume. The pure white muslin like the other village brides, and the white roses from the garden at home must be worn, and so it was. The fan of pearl was left in its case; the jeweled bouquet handle did not displace the knot of white tassel about her flowers, and the bracelets did not hide her dimpled arms.

The good man wept, when he pronounced the solemn words which gave his darling child to another, and the

unselfish mother smiled through her tears to cheer the father and daughter now about to be severed; though her own heart throbbed with anguish over the future desolation of their hearth, yet she still smiled on.

The parting over, and its tears and sobbings no more between Pet, and the future, scenes of dreamy magnificence rose before her, and she almost forgot that she married George Wilson because she loved him; and all that might ever be hers, rather than the happiness she was to create for him, made up the sum of her anticipated bliss.

For a time after their bridal tour they were to remain in the home of Mrs. Wilson. The autumn and winter was one of unimagined enjoyment and brilliance to the bride. Everywhere she was courted and admired—everybody told her she was lovely, till she grew to think her very presence a favor wherever she might bestow it. Nothing was too costly to deck her person, and her wishes were entirely boundless. Nothing remained fresh in her heart save the love of the dear ones at home, unless it was her *pride* in her husband. Had she married one for whom she would have to make sacrifices, or even assist in his toil up the hill to a comfortable competency, her love for him would have been the strongest element in her nature. But her poor little head was turned, and it was difficult to find her heart in the general confusion.

We will pass over the few successive years till the opening of the chapter. Mrs. Wilson the elder had laid aside her fashionable drapery for one in common with all, the shroud, and her beautiful residence was exchanged for the "narrow house prepared for all the living." Mrs. Wilson's elegant mourning told by its shade of black and purple, and the precise depth of crape, the exact number of months since she had been mistress of the mansion. No children had *interfered* with her fashionable career, and except a visit now and then to her native village, there



was little in the present to remind her of her girlhood. True, there were times when her aimless existence contrasted strongly with her father's holy life, and her mother's simple duties carefully performed came up before her, but she shut them out, and tried to remember that she bestowed more on charities every year than her father received during the same time. Her punctual attention to the externals of religion had in its remembrances a consolation and panacea to her startled sense of duty.

She must, of course, as the possessor of the house, make many changes, for it is unfashionable to keep any thing to remind one of departed friends, so every thing must be renewed. Mr. Wilson had engaged in many speculations of late, the results of which were still uncertain, and he felt a little uneasy at the thoughts of the future wants of his expensive establishment. His wife greatly desired to replace their carpets by some still more elegant ones just imported, and for almost the first time, her husband remonstrated, but as usual with us ladies, arguments were plentifully offered in favor of her own wishes. Mr. Wilson then laid the state of his affairs before his wife, in a candid way, and left it with her own judgment to decide upon the expensiveness of her purchases.

She, poor woman, had too long *cultivated her tastes* by express wish of her husband, to relinquish any thing which seemed desirable. At first she resolved to follow the suggestions of her husband, but when the new designs were temptingly displayed by the ingenious salesman, and the number of notable Parixians were enumerated who had purchased carpets of the same pattern, her husband's advice was forgotten, and the order filled.

The evening came, and Mrs. Wilson informed her husband of her decision, and in return for the first time he adopted the late tirade upon "expensive women," "ruinous styles of liv-

ing," "fashionable tastes," etc., which quite shocked the nerves of his fastidious wife. She was, of course, indignant, and kept silent during the tea hour, and resumed the conversation in the evening, as we have sketched it at the beginning of our story.

She lay sobbing for awhile, and then the remembrance of all the years of tender solicitude her husband had given her, and how like a worshiper he had bestowed his gifts, and rendered her homage, and now, for the first time, asked a sacrifice in return, and she had refused his request, rose up to chide her growing selfishness. She resolved to wipe away the tears, and await his return in the parlor, to ask pardon for her petulant display of temper, and promise to regard in future the suggestions which were as much to her own interest as his own to follow.

Hour after hour passed, and no footstep was heard on the marble entrance. The snow fell heavily downward, and the cold wind moaned through the almost silent streets. She looked out upon the dull light, and watched the ghostly figures which at long intervals strode heavily past, but no one lessened their space before her own door. Her fancy wandered to her own dear old home, and to the long ago of her girlhood. How long, how very long it seemed since her young feet pressed down the earliest snows, and made the first path to the poor and wretched of her native village. How the blessings of her childish years grew in her thoughts to be the realities of life, and the present a beautiful dream, from which there was to be a bitter awakening. She imagined her father's long white locks were waving in the midnight winds, and her mother's sweet low voice had grown to resemble its low wailing.

Where was her husband? Why did he stay when she so longed for his coming? He had never absented himself in this way before, though she knew he had often been urged to join a fashionable club on the same avenue



and but a few doors away. He had often seen his wife's blue eyes light up with a glad consciousness of her own power, when he replied to solicitations of this kind "that his home was far pleasanter than the club room," and then look at her as though all the blessings that the word *home* could mean, were centered in her.

This evening he was vexed beyond measure at her refusals to yield to his wishes, and all the bitter cant of miserable spendthrift husbands of more miserable spendthrift wives rose up in his heart, and he thought he was one of the latter day martyrs. He never stopped to reflect how adroitly he had cultivated her expensive tastes, how it had been the one thing needful to make her perfect in his eyes, in years ago. He did not remember that he had built the car which was crushing him.

He went out and wandered in the snow for a time, resolving, as many a husband has done before, to punish her by his absence. He felt too cold to remain out very long, and looking up to the brilliantly-lighted club room, thought he would just look in a minute, as he had often been invited, and then go home.

What a shout greeted his entrance! What exultation shone on every face! George Wilson had been a long-desired acquisition. His ready wit; his well-stored mind, was a treasure which would, if secured, brighten many a dull evening. They must celebrate his first visit with an extra quantity of champagne.

Before Wilson was aware of their intention, he found himself so comfortable, and the wine so exhilarating, that he forgot his watching wife at home, and the vexation which sent him out on that cold stormy night. He was not a drinking man—scarcely ever took a glass except to please a friend. They drank, and drank again, grew funny as the hours passed, and *the times* were discussed in all their length and breadth. The price of silks, of laces, of diamonds, and household or-

naments were held to be exorbitant, and the selfishness which led women to ruin their husbands, and daughters their fathers—but not a word of the cost of wine.

Wilson, not used to such heavy potations, grew careless, and told the story of his quarrel with the repentant woman who was peering out into the snow to catch a glimpse of his approaching form. Had Wilson been clothed in his right mind, the rack would not have wrung a reproachful word of his wife, but the wine did it, and there were fiends in the shape of men who gloated over the story, which was to be bestowed on the eager world on the morrow.

Wilson could not reach his home alone; and when in the small hours of the night he tried to wend his way, he had to be supported by those as guilty, but more hardened than himself. Mrs. Wilson saw them ascend the steps of the mansion, and her already anxious heart stood still in its great forebodings for the loved one. Not a thought of the reality burst upon her—she had never dreamed that *he* could fall, and the cold fingers of fear clutched at her very soul, and she stood like a statue, unable to speak or move.

The bell summoned the domestics, and he was brought in and laid upon the very pillow where she had wept out her repentant tears, and still she stood, gazing with a stony look upon the intruders, unable to break the silence, which had grown to be agony itself. The knowledge of the men who brought him home, told her the dreadful cause of her husband's helplessness, and by degrees her power of action returned, and she knelt by his side in that bitterest of all the griefs a woman's heart can bear, and begged him to tell her if her own words had sent him out on that stormy night, to forget his unhappiness in the wine cup. Language which had never soiled his lips before, and which had been rung in his half-deadened ear during the evening, replied to her beseeching tones, and turned her very



heart to lead. She spoke not another word, but gave one look to the polluted shrine on which she had bestowed her young warm heart, and left him, hoping never to look upon his face again. Her proud willful spirit had slumbered in the sunshine of prosperity, and now rose a new element in her nature, and controlled her every thought and action.

She went to her chamber, and with the coolness of every-day life, she penned her husband a note of adieu. She told him how she had waited his coming, and what thoughts and reconciliations had filled her eager soul. She told him of her grief at his condition, but said the altar on which her love had lain was crushed, and henceforth they were to be separated—separated forever! She should go to her father, and make amends by endeavors to be useful, for the vanity which had filled up the years they had spent together. She bade him not seek to recall her, for there was no lingering love in her heart for him. She had loved an ideal, and supposed it embodied in him, but found she was mistaken. She still worshiped the ideal, but it bore no resemblance to the drunken man she left on the sofa, in the place so long her happy home.

Taking no part of her elegant wardrobe, only that which was indispensable, she started by the first train for her father's house. She did not care now for what the world said; she did not heed the bitterness which her husband's consciousness would bring—she only felt the sting in her own bosom. Once her soul would have spent its grief on her husband's suffering, but she had been schooled too long in the idea of her own importance, to think of any thing save herself, and the way she could expiate the sins of folly which had been hers. She had little of the true Christian spirit in her resolves for the future.

In this defiant state of mind she reached her dear old home among the hills, and laid her burning brow and tearless eyes in her mother's arms.

Not a word of justification for herself or husband escaped her lips, but the bare stern truth sank down into the aching hearts of those whose happiness was bound up in their only child. The good old man sternly chid the course she had taken, while his spirit rose in indignation at the man who should fall before a tempter whose power the holy man had never felt. The sweet face of the mother was paler than the muslin folds about her cheeks, as she wondered how a *woman*, and her child too, should know any feelings save forgiveness for injuries received from any one. She would have sent her back to the man she had deserted at the first offense; but the father saw his own spirit in the child, and knew too well that to subdue her, she must be conscious of the evil she had done.

Days passed, and a burning fever kept her in blissful unconsciousness of her miserable condition. At first, Mr. Philips determined to wait till she should recover before a reconciliation should be attempted, but the physicians feared they might never meet if the summons for the absent husband was longer delayed.

We will go back to the one we have left behind. He awoke from his deep sleep, and slowly a consciousness of the past night came over him, and strong self-accusations rose in his heart as he thought of his wife alone in her chamber. He supposed she was perfectly oblivious of his condition, and in his returning manliness he resolved to tell her all, and seek in her affection strength against a future temptation. Besides he had heard of a great rise in the stock in which he had invested, and felt annoyed that he had in one thing refused to gratify his wife's every desire. He saw her once more as he won her from her quiet home, and felt that she deserved all and more than he could bestow as a recompense for beautifying his home with her loveliness.

He rose and sought their chamber to find it empty! How his heart beat with apprehension as he drew aside



the curtains and found no sleeping figure. The note lay upon the bed, and his eyes burned, and his head and heart throbbed, till he could scarcely read those lines in which not a tremble of the hand was visible.

A thousand thoughts hurried through and through his brain, of every possible way of taking the great weight off his heart. Remorse for his fall, and his unkindness to her, who till that evening had never spoken a harsh word to him, and above it all, the huge specter, "the world's opinion" rose to confront him. He started out, and met upon the pavement one of the very men who bore him home the evening before. He was waiting, no doubt, to poison his heart against the woman who was so dear to him.

"Good-morning, Wilson! You were top-heavy last night. I was delighted with the cool way your pretty wife took the affair, after being the cause of your frolic."

"She the cause of my silly spree?" Wilson returned indignantly. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Mean? why, you told us all about it last night at the club, carpet, and all. She stood without moving a muscle, or fixing the pillow for you. You are a sly fellow, to have her so used to it, and we know nothing about it. Good-morning!"

Wilson stood petrified for a few moments, at the idea that his wife's pure name should have been the subject of discussion over the wine at midnight, and he the one to expose the secrets of their sacred hearthstone. He knew his wife would hear it, and there was no possibility of a reconciliation.

More than half-crazed, he went to his office, and finding a man in waiting who wished to make him an offer for his recent investments, he sold all his interest at the high rate of the day, and resolved to go somewhere—anywhere to forget the ruin of his happiness.

He found during the settlement of his affairs, that the world was wiser than himself—that they had passed

their judgment on his affairs, and decided that his wife's extravagance had driven him to secret indulgence of strong drink, that she had left him for this vice. They said he had sold out his investments to meet demands at a time, when if he could have delayed a little, he would have made a vast sum of money. Woman's love of dress and show had driven him to ruin himself, and prevented his making a splendid fortune. She was nothing but a country minister's daughter after all, but such people are the most unreasonable in the world. Everybody except the husband condemned her, particularly those who had oftenest been feasted and exhibited at her expense.

A few days of heartache, and resentment to those who offered him sympathy, and said what a generous fellow he was to take the blame upon himself, when everybody knew how it was, passed away, when the summons came for him to hasten to his wife, if he wished to see her alive.

We will not attempt to paint the scene as he entered the little chamber from which he had led her a bride years before, and listen to the delirious calls of the poor creature, with her golden curls shorn away, and the peachy bloom of her skin changed to a glossy purple and white, of fever. She gave him no look or word, but murmured of the days when he first knew her, and then shuddered, and said she had been dreaming of just such a scene as the last evening with her husband.

Days passed, and he with a womanly tenderness sat by her bedside, and nursed the suffering woman as if her decision had not parted them. Life and reason seemed coming back to her, and old Mr. Philips wished Mr. Wilson to absent himself, lest seeing him should bring back the first cause of the illness. Hard as was the demand, he knew it to be right, and watched in an outer room to get a glance within, whenever the door of her room was ajar.

After her reason was restored, and



every hope of her restoration indulged, her father brought in a paper in which was an account of the failure of the entire scheme in which her husband had so largely invested.

"Thank God!" was the exclamation; "George and I may yet be happy. I have looked back from the very brink of the Dark River, and seen the mere tissue which held our former happiness, and wonder it continued so long. He is a noble-hearted man, and sinned but once, and I—I forgave, not as I would be forgiven. Now he is poor, and I can labor for him, and he for me, and we shall be happy. Had he known my illness, he would have been by my side long ago. Dear George, none are perfect and your poor Pet least of all."

When her mother told her of the days and nights he sat by her bedside; and bathed her burning brow, the tears of tender affection which had been dry during her life of fashionable forgetfulness of the holiest emotions of our natures, came forth fresh from a purer fountain than those she wept upon the pillow in the splendid home in the great city.

What a meeting between two forgiving ones it was we will not describe, nor how little pleasure it gave her to know that they were not poor, but still had the same temptations to meet as before.

George Wilson knew who was tempted, and who was the tempter, in the only dark passage in their lives; and when the world judges others as it did his own wife and himself, he says, "Man begins by offering gifts, which are to be prized for their value, more than the love which prompted their offering; and then, when she learns new wants, he turns upon her the world's decision, that the fault must be with the woman, and never asks was it 'He, or She?'"

FORTUNE knocks once, at least, at every man's door.

VOL. IV.

2.

## TO MRS. C. F. WRIGHT.

DEATH is the common fate of all upon this mundane sphere;  
O'er some loved form, o'er some cold clay,  
who hath not shed a tear?  
What mother but hath some time wept, and  
moaned in accents wild,  
As God's hand beckoned from the sky and  
called her precious child?  
What father, but in manhood strong, or in  
advancing age,  
Hath seen the cruel spoiler's hand, a fearful  
warfare wage  
Against the treasures of his heart—the dear  
ones God hath given,  
And one by one, go up to join the blood-  
washed throng in heaven?  
Tell me of one who hath not wept o'er some  
loved one in sorrow,  
And I will sable robes prepare, for he may  
weep to-morrow;  
For Death is looking round his home, his stay  
perchance is brief,  
But ere he leaves, that joyous heart shall be  
immersed in grief.  
For neither home, nor heart, nor life, was  
ever free from death,  
O'er earth's bright homes he ever breathes  
his pestilential breath;  
And leaf, and shrub, and cherished flower fall  
neath his mighty tread,  
And all the soul calls beautiful sleep with the  
silent dead.  
Who but hath seen death's shadow dim the  
brightness of his life—  
Who but hath seen life's horizon with clouds  
of sorrow rife?  
None! All have wept, and all have mourned  
to see the spoiler's form  
Mantling the life's sweet sunshine, with tem-  
pest and with storm.  
All are mourning then in sadness, all have  
shed the bitter tear,  
Then we'll mingle griefs together as we stand  
around the bier,  
And one loud wail of anguish shall express  
our common grief,  
Though the tears and bitter weeping bring  
the soul but poor relief.  
I am called to sing a requiem o'er the cold  
and silent tomb,  
Of one who, in life's springtime was called  
from earthly bloom;  
To weave a lay of sadness, to repeat the  
mournful strain  
That shall stir the founts of feeling in the  
saddened heart again.  
Oh! why was I a minstrel but to sing the  
saddened song,  
To tell of earthly sorrows, and the dirge-like  
sound prolong?  
Oh! why was I a minstrel but to fill the  
mighty, deep,  
O'erwhelming tide of sorrow—but to weep  
when others weep?



Why call my powers of minstrelsy to stir the  
floods again,  
That have swept in such wild fury o'er the  
heart, the mind, the brain?  
Why call me not to mingle strains of friend-  
ship sweet with thine,  
And for the brow of lovely youth a rosebud  
garland twine?  
For I would rather sing of life, of summer  
flowers that bloom,  
Than tell the tale of saddened death — of  
anguish 'round the tomb.  
Yes! rather would I sing of life, of those  
sweet kindred ties  
That bind our souls together here — that  
break when loved ones die.  
But I must sing, tho' sad the song, of youth  
in early bloom  
Cut down in morning freshness — consigned  
to the chilling tomb.  
Of one, a mother's pride; a loved, a pre-  
cious child,  
A son — how oft in days gone by she looked  
on him and smiled!  
And when the dreadful fever came and burned  
his tender brain,  
Consumed the life-blood in his veins, and  
racked his form with pain,  
That mother watched beside his bed in ago-  
nizing grief,  
And prayed as only *she* could pray, that  
Heaven would send relief.  
God heard that prayer — an angel came —  
then ceased the raging pain,  
But on her William's living face she never  
looked again,  
For Death had come in angel form and woo'd  
her boy on high,  
And with his youthful spirit passed the por-  
tals of the sky.  
"Have pity on me, Oh my friends! have  
pity!" then she cried,  
"For God hath surely touched me now, or  
William had not died!"  
Grief's frenzy seized upon her mind, she sank  
beneath its powers,  
And poet's pen can never paint the darkness  
of those hours.  
We laid him in his grave to rest beneath the  
valley's clod,  
His body sleeps in quiet there, his spirit is  
with God.  
Now would I offer comfort now to that lone  
mother's heart,  
And bring the offering alone, which kindness  
can impart.  
I'd say that death is but a sleep — the pas-  
sage to the skies,  
By it we enter a new life, for spirit never  
dies;  
It lives beyond the dreaded tomb, freed from  
death's cruel powers,  
Which thought, alone, may comfort you in  
all your lonely hours.  
I know that words seem idle now, that o'er  
your troubled mind

The waves of bitter sorrow roll — you can not  
feel resigned;  
And minstrel's lays, however kind, however  
sweet his strain,  
But stir the floods of anguish deep, move but  
to tears again.  
Well weep you may, for Jesus wept in the  
lone garden, where  
He knelt at midnight's lonely hour, and  
breathed the fervent prayer;  
And He, who in Gethsemane breathed out  
his sighs and fears,  
Shall come, lone mother, each sad hour to  
wipe away your tears.  
We all are mourners — death has come in  
bitterness to all,  
And o'er our hopes, our homes, our hearts,  
has thrown the funeral pall;  
We'll mingle then our flowing tears, and  
make our common grief,  
And dream that when life's storms are o'er,  
we'll find in heaven relief!

H. . . .

BUFFALO, March 24, 1857.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

## The beautiful:

Breathing Spring so soft and mild,  
Wreathing nature with a smile;  
Peeping buds on fairy stems,  
Nature's fairest, sweetest gems;  
Hills and vales of verdant green,  
Blooming trees, and skies serene.

## The beautiful:

Summer flowers, rich and gay,  
Drooping 'neath the golden ray;  
Dancing rills, and cooling shades,  
Forests dark, and winding glades;  
Shadowy prospects from the mount;  
Nature's pearly, glittering fount.

## The beautiful:

Autumn fruits of tempting cast,  
Autumn's pleasures flitting past;  
Nature's robe of varied hue,  
Teaching lessons ever true;  
Fading flowers, sighing wind,  
Solemn beauty ever bring.

## The beautiful:

Winter wreathed in snowy white;  
Evening's fairy, sweet moonlight;  
Fireside books, and social band  
Grouped around the dear old stand;  
Cheerful voices joined to raise  
Tuneful hymns to heavenly praise.

## The beautiful:

Closing scene at set of sun,  
Life's great work now nobly done;  
Faith with clear and upward ray,  
Pointing to the perfect day;  
Calmly sinking down to rest,  
Ever tranquil, ever blest!

April 25, 1857.

KISTA.



## DISCIPLINE.

"And God who hears,  
Through seraphs' songs, the sound of tears."

"NO more frolics to-night, Bertie; Aggie's so tired. It's quite time those mischievous eyes were shut with sleep."

And, unclasping the grasp of the rosy, baby-hands in her tumbled curls, Agnes Leigh sank into a great arm-chair; while the boy, still clinging to her, laid the soft bloom of his cheek close to hers.

Softly rocking to and fro, the sunshine in her heart stealing out in a peaceful smile upon her face, there, in that home so guarded by love, comfort, and luxury, with no ungratified desire, did any shadow of coming darkness cross the vision of the dreaming girl? No; her thoughts wandered backward through the pleasant ways her life had been led into; and forward with a hopeful, joyous confidence in that future, to her expectant hope overhung with no clouds too heavy for their relieving rain—no burdens heavier than the light and precious weight in her arms.

Grief had not yet come, testing the sweet, grateful confidence which sought the Father with its daily and nightly thanksgiving, and, in the unbroken home, the graces of a pure, true, and loving spirit had won her a charmed place. The flower had been nurtured by the sunlight into fragrant bloom. How would the desolating midnight leave it?

As her dreams led her through their pleasant maze, a chaise drove quickly to the house and stopped. She rose as the front door flung back, admitted her father, just come from business in the neighboring city. He looked careworn and troubled; and, though little Bertie welcomed him with his most eager, dancing smiles, he hardly spoke, but refused the offered baby-embrace with—"Not now, Bertie, boy; papa's head aches," and passed up stairs into his wife's room; while Agnes, following, carried the baby, quite grave from his expected repulse.

In her spacious chamber, pacing to and fro, they found Mrs. Leigh. Few days of the last year but had found her an invalid, though patient prisoner, in this room. She received her husband with her usual cheerful, affectionate manner, though his abstraction and gloom attracted her notice at once.

She endeavored, with delicate tact, to cheer away this despondency, and discover the cause; but a headache was pleaded as excuse; and, after Agnes had poured his tea, he went immediately to the library, saying he must work till bed-time; and through the door, which he had left ajar, she heard his impatient walking to and fro and muttered exclamations.

"Agnes, what can trouble your father so?" said her mother, as she entered Mrs. Leigh's chamber. "There must be some trouble at the bank, I think; or, perhaps some speculation has gone wrong."

But Agnes could throw no light on the matter. After seeing little Herbert quietly asleep in his crib, she opened a volume on the table, and read to her mother till after midnight, and then stole down to her father.

"I can't fix it! It's of no use!" he exclaimed. But, starting back when Agnes laid her arm about his neck, he said, quickly, "Don't disturb me, child! Go to bed! There's not much sleep for me." And then, noticing the shadow his words had thrown over her face, he drew her toward him, and said, kissing her, "You mustn't think of what I say, I am so perplexed and troubled now. Don't wait for me to retire. Good-night, dear! God bless you!"

Till the morning came he sat there, and then flung himself upon his uneasy pillow; and, in the restless sleep that followed, his dreams were all of trouble and danger.

As Agnes bade him "Good-morning" at the gate, a gentleman detained him.

"Matters must be looked into at the



bank, Mr. Leigh, to-day," he said, somewhat sternly. "I came to say I would be there to-morrow to see how matters stand."

Her father's white face, as he answered, haunted her all day. Mrs. Leigh was unusually anxious, and longed for evening to come to cheer and advise her husband. But, at noon, a note arrived, saying he should not be with them at night, and bidding them not to be anxious about him.

As evening drew on, the heavy clouds announced an approaching storm. As a faint flash of lightning broke through the darkened sky, Mrs. Leigh said, nervously, "How I wish your father was here — he will be so lonely in the storm! If I could *only* convince him how useless these speculations are — how content we are with what we have!"

As she spoke, a vivid flash crossed her face; and, starting quickly from the window, she sank down, pale and terrified. But Agnes still lingered with intense pleasure watching the lightning as it rifted asunder the masses of cloud, and the crash of the following thunder. One moment, the sky seemed all aflame, and she saw her mother's white face, and the shaft that cut asunder a great oak beneath the window, and struck it groaning to the earth; the next, in the sudden darkness, she heard her mother's cry of terror. Hastily springing to her side, in the quiet that ensued, she thought she heard a footstep in the hall; but, occupied in doing for her mother, she did not go down, and, hearing nothing more, concluded she had been mistaken.

As the night wore away, the violence of the storm subsided; and, after she had left her mother quietly sleeping, she went to her own room. She passed the crib where little Bertie lay in all the unconscious, rosy grace of sleep. As she bent over him, the little lip quivered, and beneath the shining lash a tear stole. Some sorrowful thought was mingling with his baby-dreams; or perhaps the scene of the

rejected embrace returned. The tears gathered in her own eyes as she pressed her noiseless kiss upon his mouth; and then, leaving the door ajar, she passed to her own room. But a strange and feverish fear, that had no name, vague and misty, haunted her disturbed slumber. Once she fancied she heard her mother's voice, and stole quickly beside her. But no; she lay in a refreshing sleep. Going back, she lighted a candle, and tried to read; but that only increased her unrest.

At last the faint light of morning came in at the eastern window; and, hastily dressing, she stole out for a walk. In the cool of the early day, she grew refreshed; though the phantom that had haunted her disturbed sleep followed her still. Down through the lane; across the tiny bridge that spanned the tripping brook; then, pausing upon a height that overlooked the town, her sight was arrested by the breaking glory in the east, cloud after cloud receding before the approaching monarch of the light.

As she stood watching the breaking splendor, a voice behind her called her name.

"Good-morning, Miss Aggie! I did not think of meeting you so early."

And, turning, she greeted with cordial pleasure their beloved minister and friend, Mr. Clifford, a man of rare gifts of intellect, with a character whose unimpeachable truth, purity, and dignity were a living sermon; with the unaffected simplicity of words and manner that discover true greatness of mind and heart, his fervent eloquence was most fitly clothed; a man whose courageous independence won him the very popularity he would have so scorned to seek; whose principles of right, immutable and fixed, were yet crowned with the charity which counts itself "not so absolute in goodness," but that it may stoop to aid and pity the tempted and erring, with the humility which brings every victory for good to the feet of the risen Redeemer.



He said he had come out for a little breathing-time before his waiting labor claimed him; and that he intended, now they had met, to go back with her to borrow a volume from their library he wished to refer to. She smiled assent, adding an urgent invitation to breakfast; but he refused, on the plea of an unwritten lecture; adding, with a smile, that Mrs. Clifford would suppose he had been spirited away, as he had left her before she awoke. Lingered, and looking back at the flushed east, that flung its rosy light over the waking earth, the daylight advanced with them. As they crossed the orchard-path to the house, the usual morning bustle and stir were visible within doors.

Flinging open the hall-door, and leaving Mr. Clifford engaged with an old painting in the drawing-room, Agnes started for the library for the book he wished. The door, which was never locked, was now tightly fastened. Going up stairs, she inquired for the key, but no one had locked it. Quite alarmed, Mrs. Leigh ordered the door to be broken open. As it flung back, she heard a smothered groan—a fall—the exclamations of horror that followed! Hastily descending the stairs, she saw the insensible form of her daughter borne from the library. Pressing forward with a desperate haste, she entered the room before the detaining hand of the minister could reach her. Blood! blood! How the air reddened with the blood of the suicide, driven by dishonor to this daring crime! How upon every heart smote the sight of the ghastly corpse, that lay bereft of all the dignity of manhood!—a mute acknowledgement of the cowardice that dares to leap into the presence of infinite Purity, with the sin stained soul it dare not reveal to erring humanity.

They bore her away, and consciousness returned, but not the reason, sent astray and shattered by the blow; and for days she lay quiet, without any thing but the restless glitter of her eyes giving sign of life; and then the wait-

ing angels bore away the stricken spirit, but not before an hour when the clouded mind awoke, clear and intelligent; and calling Agnes to her in that solemn time, she gave her the sacred gift of her baby-boy.

For several days after her father's rash death, Agnes had dwelt in a fearful nightmare, haunted all the time by that upturned face in all its rigid ghastliness. But at last her mother's danger roused her from the stupor, and unweariedly she watched beside her till the death-shadow lay upon the serene face.

When the grave had received her, and there were no more affairs for anxious tenderness to busy itself with, no more suspense to keep the mind unnaturally awake, the icy weight returned again, and fell upon her heart with benumbing force. No tears came to relieve or lift it; and the settled despair and murmuring quiet were more terrible to see than the most passionate grief. Even little Bertie could not attract her notice; and, seeking and accepting no consolation, a desolating night fell over her. In its gloom of dreadful doubt and recklessness, it wrapped her till escape seemed impossible.

Though the Cliffords were constant in their delicate and judicious kindness, and though, constantly with her, the minister tried to interest and comfort her with holy peace, there was no change. Concealing from her his intense pain, he did not weary her with advice, but by earnest praying that God would bring a revulsion in his own good time, trusted all to him.

All that Mr. Leigh had accumulated went to wreck. The immense speculation in which the last dishonorable venture had gone swallowed all. When his brother came to break the news to Agnes, he might have spared himself the trouble to choose his words so carefully, for the news was received with indifferent coldness. He praised her fortitude, little imagining the danger outward coldness covered; a man punctual in all outward things, a very



Simon, who weighed the world's opinion before the thought of heaven crossed his mind.

She left the home once so precious, without a tear or regret. The books, pictures, statues, gardens, the piano she had loved as a friend, all that had been most beloved, that had ministered to her love of beauty, were parted with without any emotion.

"Oh, if any thing could arouse her, even to suffer!" said Mr. Clifford, as he watched the returning carriage that bore her to her uncle's home.

The aunt and cousins soon tired of the pale, statue-like girl, who seemed to fret and sit, and think nothing. As the months stole away, they took little pains to conceal their fatigue; and hints were dropped, intended to reach her, but they only fell on indifferent ears. In the dull routine of life, nothing seemed to awaken her, till one day little Bertie came sobbing to her from some undeserved harshness; and then, noticing how thin and wan he had grown, the deadened feelings woke to sudden life. Clasp ing him in her passionate embrace, and weeping with a vehemence that frightened him, the long stifled grief found vent.

"Bertie, my poor darling," she said, through her sobs, "I *do* love you! I will protect you from all the world — my boy, my baby, my precious one!"

Like a reproach arose the dying face of her mother for her long neglect of him. The storm swept through heart and soul, and cleared off the unhealthy life of both. In the interval of quiet that ensued, while the fevered earth received the refreshing rain that purified, she knelt and prayed. Then were broken words and exclamations of remorse, a broken but fervent plea; but it *was* answered — she felt it even then.

In her awakened state, the slights she had received, the meaning words that had meant to wound, returned, not to accomplish their purpose — she was even now beyond that — but to rouse her to think and act for the future. Thinking at once of her best friend, she wrote to Mr. Clifford:

"I know my friend will forgive my long silence; for in my heart there has been darkness and silence *so long*. I dare hardly tell you of the doubt that has so long imprisoned my soul in its sepulcher; but the Lord's angel has rolled away the stone at last. On that season of midnight gloom I will not linger; in the present I must think and act. Heaven keep me from thinking my way a hard one! But nothing was saved from our household wreck; and I am unwilling longer to trespass where I seem to have so slight a claim. Will you — can you help me to help myself? The education which cost such anxious care may now be put to use. So heart-stricken am I that I could not rouse myself to this, were it not for my little Bertie, whose health and bloom I am most anxious to win back. I shall wait for your advice and decide upon it at once. You will not forget my kindest love to Mrs. Clifford; and believe me always yours,  
AGNES."

On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Clifford wrote at once, urging her to come to them immediately, and proposing a plan which he promised to aid her in carrying out.

At once communicating her intention to her uncle and his family, she could not but perceive the illy-disguised satisfaction which accompanied their praise of her "commendable energy." Mr. Leigh considered himself quite exonerated from the blame; though, as he bade her farewell, the pale, spiritual face contrasted strongly with the strength and health in his daughters'; and the thought crossed his mind, how much more able for the strife for daily bread were they than the frail creature whose strength came only from faith and prayer!

Mr. Clifford was not at home when they arrived; but his wife welcomed them with a cordial warmth that moved her to tears. Soon afterward he joined, and greeted them with his usual sincere kindness. Startled by the change that had been wrought in the merry, blooming little friend of the by-gone months, he was yet glad the dreadful apathy, over which he so sorrowed, had gone entirely. In the cool twilight they strolled about the grounds, and he entered at once into a discussion of her plans. Wisely judging it best that the interest awakened in life should



bring back health and peace by constant demands upon it, he did not discourage her desire to enter on her life of usefulness at once.

In this happy home she remained, loving and beloved, the little school growing beyond her utmost wishes. Doubly endeared to the Cliffords by the graces of her patient sweetness, and the trials that had disciplined her heart into a submission and trust nothing earthly could disturb long, she had learned much of precious wisdom during her stay with them. About the "man of God" dwelt a perpetual influence of truth and peace, that charmed all within his reach into a purer and loftier life. It was with sincere regret they parted, when the Cliffords took a summer vacation to go abroad. They separated on the deck of the outward bound vessel, with promises to write constantly, and meet again the following autumn.

Little Bertie was rather feeble for want of change of air; so, for a while, they went to the beautiful town of L..., that faced the sea. In the boy's rapidly developing character she found a rare study. Richly rewarding her prayers, her earnest love and care, with his childish devotion, she found her deepest affection for him; loving him truly, and seeking not to shield him from the pain of life, but to strengthen and discipline him to meet and conquer it; teaching him to love goodness, not for rewards or approbation, but for its own high and blessed sake; leading him, little child as he was, from the broad, smooth path of selfish pleasure, to the narrow way of sacrifice and self-renunciation; tuning this young harp of God, not to the world-music that wanes so early, but stringing it to the diviner airs and anthems of the heavenly harmony.

Already he had caught her enthusiastic love of beauty; and his dearest joys were to ramble with her through the lanes and woods; or to climb the jagged rocks that fronted the sea, and watch the coming and disappearing sails that glided on its blue expanse;

or to go down and battle with the restless waves that flung their surging waters over them, and dash handfuls of the glittering drops upon each other; or, when the fresh gale favored, to sail across to the fair island that lay in the embrace of its blue waves.

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Night had come, and pale with agony, yet constantly praying for strength to endure, Agnes hung over the little couch, where, raving in the delirium of fever, tosses her precious child, calling constantly for the gentle sister, who never leaves him, but whose face seems afar off to his wandering mind. Some one speaks; it is Mr. Clifford, come back from his summer tour strengthened and refreshed.

"Agnes, you *must* go to rest now; you are exhausting your strength, and to-morrow will be ill yourself."

A second time he speaks; and then, laying the little head upon the coolest pillow, she unclasps the twining arms about her neck, and crosses to the window.

"I shall rest here quite as well," she says, in answer to his reproachful look as she sinks down; and he, seeing the weariness of heart in her face, that nothing can refresh till this suspense is past, does not urge her further.

The wind sweeps up from the shore, with a briny scent in its freshness. The sea, which the storm of a few days ago, outside, lashed into fury, is unquiet still; and its surging murmur comes to her as the waves approach in an army, and dash themselves white on the sandy beach. Down, far along on the coast, the revolving light is slowly turning round to guide the returning ships; and over all shine the stars, that glitter in the deep blue above her. Those stars — how many of her griefs have they looked down upon! Will they be silent witnesses to the greatest now?

Death may come, will most likely come, and still those little restless limbs into a cold silence, and strike out the fever-radiance from those brilliant cheeks and eyes, and hush the moan that struggles on his lip; yet



Agnes will not doubt the wise Providence that orders this, or rebel against the decree that takes this most treasured joy away. She has been too long the faithful child of her Father to doubt any thing he sends is "good;" dwelling in too constant a communion with him to question his will now. She will mourn, thinking of Him who "wept," sanctifying the grief of the mourners by his own holy tears; but her sorrow will not leave her wholly desolate while thus trusting and loving.

All the thoughts of her heart have been given to her boy. That he might grow to a wise, pure, and true manhood, she has toiled and prayed. Every hope of the future, its every picture, has its beloved image in the foreground. How *will* she bear the desolate silence that will come when his ringing laugh is not? How will the sight of other children waken that passionate longing for her lost one? Only a little time ago, they sported in those restless waves together; but now she will have no heart for those ocean frolics. She will always miss that buoyant figure and soul-lighted face.

Is the shadow falling, even now, in this hush which has fallen upon the room? She fancies those snowy clouds, that drift in such fantastic shapes across the deep blue over her, are a band of descending angels, coming to claim the child for the heavenly mansion. Is death coming with its downward-floating wings? No! for He who stayed the patriarch's hand in that hour of faith's severest trial, will give her back her own. This falling silence is only the healing and refreshing sleep that saves. He will wake to recognize her face with his wan smile and feeble caress. This crisis past, he shall bless her love once more.

The doctor comes in; and, as Mr. Clifford follows his earnest face, he sees the hope in it he dared not trust himself to feel. When the doctor's encouraging words give him the right, he crosses with the joyful news to

Agnes. He does not need to speak; for the uplifted, prayerful face, the eager grasp of his hand, tell her all. Rolling away from her spirit are the clouds that threatened so long. What a thanksgiving is in her heart! what a song of praise is her prayer! Those fancied angels may bear that upward, but not the child *God* has given this time.

The days that bore in their rapid flight the fever pain, brought back color and strength to him again. Like one who had dwelt half-way within the heavenly threshold, he seemed to her, as she took him to the re-united home they had left, with a strengthened and grateful heart beginning her duties anew.

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The minister's hoary head has become a "crown of glory," and his deeds "still live." And the years that gave and took so much, took Agnes Leigh from earth; but the high-souled boy, grown to mature manhood, is her lasting memorial. When weary with the business of State, with the wrongs and abuses he has dedicated his life to erase from the national honor, there is nothing cheers him more than her last prophetic words:

"I know you will seek to enthrone justice and right where the usurping powers of evils have reigned so long. I know you will consecrate yourself to this work, not from the wish for personal popularity or ambition, but for the sake of establishing Christ's eternal kingdom upon earth, for the victory of right, to be gained—for the glory of the ascended Intercessor."

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PLEASURE is comparative, and enjoyment relative; the Spanish peasant basking in the scorching sun, and rolling in the dust of his parched up plains, is as happy as the French shepherd enjoying the balmy air, and the luxuriant vegetation of Languedoc or Provence.



## TWO RECORDS OF A BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

THEY tell me it is a week since my blessed one left me—four days since my fair boy, my pride, my hope, was laid in the grave. They tell me so; for I know not. It might be a month—a day; for I remember only *that he was and is not*. A weary, weary time separates me from hope and happiness—a wretched, unmeasured, intolerable blank. All things look misty and unsubstantial! a film is on my soul—a thick benumbing stupor creeps over me. I wander about the great vacant rooms like one in a dream. Familiar things loom up hideous and distorted; familiar faces look shadowy and strange. I rouse myself with desperate courage, and shake off the terrible nightmare, but it is only to feel the sharpness of my woe cutting like a knife into the depths of my soul. I endure again the agony of the day which tore my babe from my arms. I feel the chill of his passive icy hand—I see death settling on his brow—the look of patient suffering on his lip. And now his eye wanders searchingly around—I know whom he seeks. Oh! that look! it follows, it haunts me everywhere—that look of mingled doubt, and faith, and love, and agony! How it smote me that my darling, whose little griefs had been rocked to rest on my bosom, should find his faith in a mother's power failing him now! I saw that look fade away, and one more beautiful succeed, but it consoles me not. I remember only that in the last anguish my love appealed to me in vain.

I saw them part his silken hair, and compose his rounded limbs, and lay him in his coffin, for I would not be led away. I stood by while they lowered him into his little grave, and looked down on my boy resting there with a frightful calmness. Once, for a moment, an indescribable sweetness and peace stole over me as words of

sacred comfort were recited. Thinking of it now, it seems as if cool and fragrant airs from the Heavenly Gardens then diffused themselves over my withered heart, or as if the good Lord with his own hand drew aside the veil, and showed me my little one among the innumerable company of redeemed children, all radiant with a golden glory, but wearing the same beautiful smile with which he left us. Oh, how I longed to clasp him in my arms and assure myself of his continued recognition. But he, the pure one, looked not down—he saw me not—he gave no glance or token to his weeping mother. Then I felt the full anguish of my separation; I saw that a gulf deeper than the grave separated me from my child; I saw that I was no longer necessary to him in his present blessed estate. He felt no want, no longing, no void, and, shall I own it? I rebelled against a happiness to which I was not a party. Then the Divine Hand withdrew, the curtain fell, and I saw my lost one no more.

Childless and a widow! I sit alone in my desolate chamber. The casements are fast closed, for I would not have even the sun look familiarly on my grief. The scented blossoms will send up their odors from the garden, but even they are unpleasing, for they speak of life, and health, and happiness. They remind me of those bright mornings when my Charlie sat on the lily banks, and tore the gay flowers in pieces. The birds sang blithely in the branches above, the kitten purred at our feet, and with uneasy caress sought to make her presence welcome, and we were happy. How pleasant was it then to look forward to the long summer mornings when my darling and I should sit on the soft turf under the maples, and I should fill his hands with flowers, and listen to his gay prattle. I shudder now to look down lest I should see his little footprint in the deserted walks.

The roses, just budding when my Charlie sickened, have opened, blossomed, and faded since, with none to



tend or gather them. The little birdlings among the lilacs, into whose nest he looked each day with wondering delight, they too have tried their wings and fluttered away.

All sights, all sounds, all times, all places do nourish my grief. When I lie down to sleep, I miss soft breath by my side, softer than the dropping of spring showers, more musical than the murmur of summer brooks. I miss that little sigh, so gently breathed that it seemed as if the shadow of the future hung over the babe in his dreams, and filled him with the burden of a grief. With what an unutterable pity and tenderness has that little sigh filled me, and how have I longed to throw the true arms of maternal love around him forever!

I miss him in the morning. Oh, there is nothing in the world so beautiful as the waking of a young child! How often have I stolen softly to the couch of my babe to watch the first breaking up of quiet slumber—the uneasy movement—the baring of soft fair limbs—the gentle strife between sleeping and waking—the dreamy flutter, and the conscious opening of the fringed lids, then the look of pleased, curious wonder with which he looked around, as if each morning awoke him to a fresh and untried existence. I have watched him as his eye traveled slowly from object to object, pausing now to notice the wave of the curtains in the morning breeze, the swing of the pendulum, and the pencil of sunlight on the wall, till, resting at last on his mother, he gave an exultant spring, and raised himself eagerly to her outstretched arms.

I miss the stamp of an impatient little foot by my side, the bounding of a light, elastic form into my lap, the patter of a soft hand on my cheek. I miss him at that twilight hour, when, his little garments laid aside, he sprang from my knee, a naked Grace, an infant Apollo, whose limbs, divinely molded, mocked all the studies of the artist. I shall no more watch him as with dancing foot, and pleased con-

scious glances he takes his evening romp, now receive him panting to my arms, to be sung to sleep with his vesper lullaby.

They tell me I shall not always mourn thus—that Time will ease the soreness of my wound, and wipe the tears from my eyes. They tell me that after a little the present anguish will subside into tender recollections. Miserable comforters—my soul loathes their cant consolations. Think they that I would purchase peace by forgetfulness, or cease my plaint as the sod thickens over the grave of my child? Oh! that I might find a Rachel that *would not be comforted!* With her, weeping, these tears would lose their saltiness, and I should be beguiled back to peace.

I hear the merry voices of the school children just let loose on the street. That, too, reminds me. How often have I said to myself, "In a few years my Charlie will be one of such a laughing group. I shall single him out from them all—I shall watch him as he moves among his companions, the freest, lightest, happiest there. I shall listen for his bounding step on the stair, and meet him for our evening walk. I shall rest on my old seat in the shaded lane, while he seeks the wood-bird's nest in the thicket, and chases the squirrel from his covert in the old wall. Wearied, he will lie down on the grass at my feet, and tell me of his day's studies, his sports and games, and I shall watch the favoring moment to drop into his young heart lessons of manliness and truth. I shall teach him, too, the love and watchfulness of nature, and occupy his mind with pure thoughts and beautiful images, so that when the Tempter comes he may find it already garnished."

Thus have I mused as I sat by the cradle of my babe, listening to the music of clear voices on the street, and I have loved and blessed those children for *his* sake. Then I have looked down on the little dreamer, and perhaps a sigh would heave his



bosom, and part his lips, but quickly a soft, sweet smile would flit across his features, and all would subside again into the quiet current of sleep. Then would arise the prayer, "Thus may it ever be—smiles chasing sighs—light following shadow, and neither moving the soul from its stilled calmness and repose."

What sweet and tender fancies has my heart woven of the coming years? How often, when I have returned in loneliness and desolation from the fresh grave of my husband, this little one has stretched out his hands and raised his smiling face to mine, and I have exclaimed, "All is not lost! Thank God! I may yet be happy!" And when I have seen in him such a day more and more of his father's look, the same molding of the brow, the same expression of lip and eye, I have trembled and wept, and my heart has said, "The old beautiful time will come back; the lost happiness will be restored, changed, but not less sweet. Soon this house shall have a master. The vacant chair by the fireside and at the table, to me shrouded as with a pall, shall be filled, and peace and cheerfulness shall return to this roof. My son shall build again the desolate family altar, in which only the broken, silent petition of a widow now ascends. Tenderly will he lead me to the house of God—proudly shall I lean on his manly arm. He will sit at the head of the old family seat, a devout worshiper, or, it may be, he will himself lead the praises of the great congregation." Then, like a shadow from the pit, the thought will intrude—perhaps he will be a graceless son! perhaps the precious seed sown in his youth will fall on stony ground, and he will bring down a mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. My soul shudders at the terrible thought. It is too painful for me, and I raise a prayer to the All Merciful that he will not deal bitterly with the widow, nor scourge the bleeding heart without pity.

To-day, these fears are all at rest, but the hopes, too, are crushed. No impatient foot let loose from school shall dance to a gladsome voice on these stairs, or lead the way to brook-side or shaded lane. Never shall I draw him with sobered step to the green turf in the churchyard, and whisper, "My son, he who sleeps beneath this turf, laid his trembling hand on you and blessed you, dying. You lay a smiling and unconscious babe in your mother's arms. Live, my child, as if that father's hand still rested in tenderness on your brow, and strive that when you meet him on the other side of the grave, he may again bless you."

*Twenty years later.* All is right. I shall soon rejoin those beloved ones whom, for so many years, I have mourned in sorrow of heart. They have told me, with tears and studied caution, that my disease is incurable, and they wonder at my cheerful composure. Resignation! It is not the word—joy, release, triumph; these describe my state. I see nothing in the past but mercy and ingratitude, nothing in the future but thanksgiving and eternal reunion. The waters of Marah are already sweet on my lips.

Tenderly has the Lord dealt with his handmaid, though in her great weakness she perceived it not. Had he spared the child in whom I trusted to this hour, how would my divided heart have clung to earth? With what tears, and doubts, and bitter anguish should I have left him to battle alone with the temptations of life? Now, consoling thought, *he is safe!* No ravening wolf shall enter the Heavenly fold to pluck him from the arms of the Almighty Shepherd. Very soon—it may be to-night, or to-morrow—I shall embrace my child on the eternal shore. I know not by what token we shall recognize each the other, but I feel no anxiety. The golden links that have been



brightening through so many years of separation, will not be sundered now. My son, once a weak nursling in my arms, is now an angel bright and strong, but I feel that by some mysterious lore unknown on earth, but taught in heaven, he will know his mother from all the throng of waiting spirits. He who caught his first lisping accents from me shall be my guide and teacher then, and with that other lost one, earlier sainted, shall lead me before the throne.

### PARENTAL DUTY.

THE father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he can not support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which *he* desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest that a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property; simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.— *Wayland.*

### HOME.

BY REV. L. LOVEWELL.

WE sing of "Sweet Home," we speak with emotion  
Of scenes that were passed in our childhood's career,  
And kindles the soul with unwonted devotion,  
As crowd on the mind such remembrances dear:  
The "well" with its "bucket," the "chair" of our mother,  
The "Bible," the "glasses" that aided her sight,  
The dolls of a sister, the toys of a brother,  
In fond recollection all seem to unite.

Such then is home, whose every impression  
With vigor immortal the mind will retain;  
The scenes there enacted, each look and expression  
Are brighten'd by Time, while they ever remain!  
Events far more recent have claimed our attention,  
Employ'd for a moment the empire of thought,  
They pass'd, and no trace of their busy intention  
Returns to the mind when their purpose is sought!

Home's influence then, in vain would we measure  
The field for rich harvests that broadly expands!  
Its value compute by contrasting the treasure —  
The gold which earth's rivers have wash'd from their sands!  
'Tis Life's own support, the grand inspiration  
That pleasure or woe to the future imparts,  
For know that thus early is laid the foundation  
For Happiness self, or the breaking of hearts!

Then pause, ye fond parents! whose hearts ever beating  
With fondest desires for the children you love,  
Tho' precious the moment, as Time it is fleeting,  
Make home even *now* such as God can approve.  
And never in vain such effort is given,  
For earth will rejoice while the struggle is made,  
And all unimpaired in the fulness of Heaven,  
The fruit of that influence be fully displayed!  
KENSINGTON, MICH., May, 1857.



## THE DESERTS OF AFRICA.

THE northern coast of Africa has long been known to the civilized world, and once formed no unimportant part of its political and social system. But though Egypt took the lead in science, and Carthage in commercial enterprise, yet the progress of civilization does not appear to have extended at any time beyond the tracts of land immediately bordering on the Nile and the Mediterranean. A few days' journey into the interior placed the traveler on apparently endless plains of shifting sand; a boundary which arrested the victorious career of Cambyses and Alexander, and which has, in all subsequent ages, baffled every attempt at colonization and improvement. Till within the last few years, the immense region which extends from the fertile shores of the Mediterranean to the country called Soudan, or Nigritia, has been left a blank or dotted space on our maps, marked in large letters "Sahara, or the Great Desert;" as though nature, departing from her usual diversity of operations, had here adopted the rule of monotony and uniformity, and had spread in every direction a sheet of burning sand. The imagination of poets has availed itself of the silence of geographers, and represented this as a region without a blade of grass, and traversed by no living thing, except wild beasts of prey, and here and there a tribe of savages, ignorant of the primary wants of individual life which attach man to the soil, as well as of the first elements of social existence which unite him to his fellow-men.

Travelers from England have from time to time ventured into the mysterious abyss; and the few who have returned to tell what they saw, have furnished some interesting particulars concerning the route they pursued, and the people they encountered. Their aim, however, was rather to get through the Desert than to become acquainted with it, the great object of curiosity being the Negro country which lies

beyond. But since the French assumed the sovereignty of Algeria in 1830, they have felt, like all preceding conquerors of this territory, the impossibility of colonizing and civilizing it, without exercising a corresponding influence on the adjoining desert; and thus the Sahara itself has become an object of deep attention. They have labored assiduously to understand its resources, the social condition of its tribes, and the relation which subsists between them and the inhabitants of the surrounding countries. It must be added, that they have made attempts as futile as unwarrantable, to compel the Saharians to receive law and civilization at their hands. Their utmost success in this respect has been, to obtain a scanty tribute from some of the Oases; to plunder and devastate others whose inhabitants fled before them; and to drive the streams of commerce from their own province to the neighboring states of Morocco and Tripoli. Meanwhile, a vast body of information has been collected, chiefly with reference to the northern and western parts of Sahara; while Mr. Richardson, who penetrated the Desert farther toward the east in the year 1846, has made us acquainted with a portion which the French could only know by hearsay. Recent discoveries in Central Africa have thrown new interests around the deserts which form its northern boundary; and the more so, as it is the present opinion that the most eligible route to Nigritia is across the wastes of Sahara from the Mediterranean shores, rather than through the pestilential forests and savage population which are found between the Senegal and the Niger.

The desert region which we propose now to describe is bounded on the north by the states of Barbary, on the west by the Atlantic ocean, on the south by Soudan, or Nigritia, and the river Senegal, and on the east by Egypt and Nubia. Adopting the ancient classical figure, we should call this vast expanse an ocean, dividing the continent of the black race from the abodes of white



men; as such, it is traversed by powerful fleets, infested with daring freebooters, and studded here and there with single islands or numerous archipelagoes. It is difficult to assign its precise limits to the north, on account of the interruptions to which it is subject in that direction. It has been usual to consider the Great Sahara as reaching from about the sixteenth to the twenty-ninth parallels, and to call by various names — as the Little Desert, the Desert of Anghad, the Desert of Shott, etc., those gulfs of the sandy ocean which project farther north; while the region of numerous oases, which form the northern skirting of the Sahara, have been denominated Beled-el-Jerid, or the Date-Country.

The French have taken great pains to distinguish the last named region, with its numerous, intelligent, and industrious population, from what they call the Central Desert, or Falat. Nay, they have made up their minds that, in consequence of its commercial dependence on the Tell for some of the first necessities of life, it can not possibly exist under a separate *regime*. In the maps, therefore, which were published by order of the government in 1844, Algeria is made to comprise the whole tract of country southward to the thirty-second degree of north latitude in the west, and about the thirty-fourth degree at the eastern extremity. At the same time, these geographers have been considerate enough to suppose that their neighbors would like a slice as well as themselves; and they have allotted to the other Barbary states respectively all the oases which lie scattered on their southern frontiers. Thus have the Little desert and Date-Country completely disappeared; having become the *Sahara Marocain*, *Sahara Algerien*, and *Sahara Tunisien*. The partition and appropriation have been made prospectively on paper, than which nothing is more easy — our friends in France having never, in all probability, seen the recipe of our shrewd countrywoman, Meg Dods, commencing with "First catch the hare."

It is certainly convenient to have a general name for these comparatively fertile portions of the Desert. The term Date-Country is in many respects ineligible, as it conveys the idea of great fertility; and by no means suggests the fact that it is, as a whole, a desert region, absolutely barren and uninhabitable in many places, though abounding toward the east in the fertile spots called oases, which are generally, but not universally, congenial to the date. The fact is, that this fruit attains its greatest perfection in some of those verdant spots which are found in the very heart of the Central Desert; and were it only on this ground, the appellation Date-Country is unsuitable for distinguishing the regions of numerous oases in the north from the more thinly-sown portions in the center. We may therefore so far adopt the French nomenclature, as to call this interesting, and now pretty well-known country, "the Northern Sahara," in contradistinction to the Central, which it might confuse the English reader to denominate the Falat, as the term Sahara is retained in our best maps.

The inhabitants of the Desert know no other division of their country than that of tribes and oases — the very names of which were long unknown in Europe, but are now to some extent ascertained and defined. Instead, however, of burdening the reader's memory with a large number of names which he might find in no map within his reach, and perhaps might never again meet in the course of his reading, we shall merely point out the oases which are most important from their external relations, and which we may have occasion afterward to mention.

Beginning from the west, and proceeding along the northern border, the first fertile spots to be noted are El-Harib, important as a resting-place on the direct route from the city of Morocco to Timbuctoo; and Taflet, the capital of the Shereef tribe, and the center of an extensive commerce with the negro country, the interior of Morocco, and the East. Taflet is not a



single oasis, but a cluster; for fertile spots are both few and small west of the second degree of east longitude, owing, it is believed, to the circumstance that the wind blows from the east nine months in the year, rushing into a hurricane at certain seasons, and that, in the course of time, it has accumulated the sand toward the west. In the Algerian Sahara, the most southern oases are El-Abied-Sidi-Sheik, Wad-Miah, Wad-Reklah, Wad-Reer, and Wad-Soof, forming a chain of fertile spots, south of which all is sterility, and not even a village is to be seen during several days' journey. The fertile belt which stretches along the shores of the Mediterranean, and by the natives called the Tell, is from fifty to one hundred and twenty miles broad in the province of Algiers, but it becomes a very narrow strip in the regency of Tripoli; and an English traveler remarks here, that the distinction between Great and Little Deserts is quite fictitious: it is all Sahara, and the sands reach the very walls of Tripoli. Two great oases, or rather archipelagoes, facilitate the intercourse between the above named points and the interior of Africa; they are Fezzan, of which the capital is Mourzouk, and Twat, whose chief towns are Ainsalah, Agabli, and Timimoom. The space, however, between these and the nearest of the northern oases is very formidable, and would be almost impassable if nature had not placed two resting-places on the two principal routes. El-Golea lies between Algeria and Twat; Ghadamis between Tunis and Fezzan. Timbuctoo and Kashna are the great marts in the negro country with which commercial relations are maintained in a manner we shall hereafter describe.

The eastern part of the Desert, sometimes distinguished as the Libyan, offers no points of similar interest, except Bilna, the chief town, famous for its immense salt beds, whence large quantities are annually exported to Nigritia. But we must not overlook the line of oases which is found running north and

south near the extreme eastern limit of these dreary wastes. Here are Darfoor, Selimeh, the Great and Little Oases of Thebes, the natron lakes, and the Baha-bela-ma, or dry river. The Great Oasis is one hundred and twenty miles long and four or five broad; the lesser, separated from it by forty miles of desert, is similar in form. In the Valley of Nitrium is another beautiful spot, which was a favorite retreat of Christian monks in the second century. Here remain four out of three hundred and sixty convents, and from them some valuable manuscripts of ancient date have recently been obtained. Another oasis in this direction contains splendid ruins, supposed to be those of the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Returning from the ancient to the modern, from the poetical to the useful, we remark that the route almost directly south from Ghadamis to Kashna has, since the adventures of Lyons, Richardson, and others, become pretty well known, and is ascertained to be a line of great commercial activity, and abounding with towns and villages. Of the former, Ghat is celebrated as a market or fair, and Agades as the capital of the Targhee tribes in this district. Aheer is another important town, as it is on the way from Morocco (by Twat,) to Kashna; and also as it maintains commerce with Bilna, Ghat, and Mourzouk. We know little of the tracts which lie west of Aheer, but on the line from Twat to Timbuctoo we find Mabrook, thrice welcome to the traveler who has met with no water for ten days before reaching it. Tishet, Touden, and Wadan are generally marked on modern maps on account of their salt beds, which form a valuable article of commerce.

The knowledge which we possess of the physical structure of the Desert is still very incomplete. We may, however, add some general views of the nature and aspect of its surface, and notice some of its most remarkable features. If we begin our examination with the western portion, a journey along the coast offers nothing but low



sandy tracts, broken here and there by rocky headlands, neither bold nor lofty; the land is not perceived at sea beyond a very short distance, which is doubtless the principal reason of the numerous shipwrecks that have occurred on this inhospitable shore. Leaving the coast, the shifting sand extends but a few days' journey at most, and we arrive at a somewhat elevated plain, which appears very extensive. It is close, uniform, stony, and arid in the extreme, but here and there interrupted by a hollow or large ravine, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet deep, whose steeps afford occasional springs of water. That part of the Desert which lies between El-Harib and Timbuctoo is extremely arid, and destitute of wells, indicating that in this space there must be some point of culmination, or a line of rising ground to separate the waters, for we find much sand on the route of Caillie; and it is well known that sand and springs abound chiefly in low grounds, and that it is especially near the lines that divide the waters that there appear few inducements to bore. A similar swelling has been remarked between Twat and Timbuctoo. On leaving Agabli, the most southern point of the former, the route lies over sand for a few days, and then occurs a trace of stiff red earth, and the utter absence of water for eight or ten days. This does not extend far to the west, for in that direction it is bounded by a sandy waste.

The central part of the Desert seems to be considerably more mountainous than the eastern or western portions of it. Between Algiers and Twat is an uninhabitable desert of sand without water, separated by a hilly district from another similarly dreary waste between Algeria and Ghadamis. The country which lies between Twat and Ghat is all hilly, but its particular topography is quite unknown, on account of the deadly enmity which we shall afterward have occasion to notice as existing between the populations whose territories it separates, and which renders its exploration perilous in the ex-

treme. The Turghree country abounds in hills and stony plains. Mr. Richardson describes himself as traveling six days southward from Ghadamis without meeting fifty yards of sand; the route lay over hard-baked earth and huge blocks of stone, but chiefly beds of very small pebbles. Afterward he met sand in abundance, masses of it quite loose and four hundred feet high. Toward Ghat it was heap upon heap, pile upon pile, every succeeding feature of the landscape appearing more hideous than the former, and the whole presenting "a mass of blank existence, having no apparent object but to terrify the hapless traveler, who, with his faithful camel, pursues his way through the waste." The country about Ghat is intersected in every direction with dark gloomy mountains. Here, it is said, that spirits of the air live in harmonious alliance with the tribes of the Desert, in consequence of a kind of *Magna Charta*, a treaty offensive and defensive, made between them ages ago. The *jenoum* (demons or *genii*), who had chosen to build their palaces in these mountains, offered their friendship and protection to the sons of men, on condition of being allowed to remain unmolested, promising especially to endue their human allies with vision and tact, during the hours of darkness, to surprise and overcome their enemies. And the Targhee fathers alone of mortals vowed them eternal and inviolable friendship on these conditions, swearing that they never would employ Marabout, holy Koran, or any other means, to dislodge them from the black-turret-shaped hills. The treaty has never been violated; the demons dwell unmolested in their lofty castles; and many an unfortunate traveler or hapless negro family witnesses the fearful efficacy of the powers which they have conferred upon the *Touarik*. Standing out conspicuously among the private dwellings of the demons is an immense rock; this is their council-hall; and here, from thousands of miles round, do the spirits of the air meet to deliberate on the affairs of their social



polity. Here, too, are their public treasures — caverns full of gold, silver, and diamonds — all, we presume, of a spiritual nature, like their possessors, or we doubt if they would remain invisible. Nor must we omit to mention a rocking or logging-stone, about fifty feet high. It was the spot on which a wealthy Marabout of great sanctity met a violent death. The murderer, seized with remorse for his deed of blood, entreated the genii to cover up the body from sight, as he had not courage himself to bury it. They listened to his prayer, and detached this piece of rock from their great palace to form a sepulchral stone; and here it has rested, occasionally rocking, say the people, to this day. The murderer then begged that the genii would accept some of the spoil in token of his gratitude; but they refused to touch the blood-stained gold, and pelted the wretch to death.

The topography of Fezzan presents a mixture of mountains and plains; and the soil is sterile enough except in the oases, which are said to be about one hundred in number. The most remarkable feature of this part of Sahara is the chain which separates it from Tripoli, and which runs from east-south-east to west-north-west, like the coast from Benghazi to Khabs. The whole country south of Fezzan consists likewise of hills and stony plains, sandy tracts being met with only here and there. A long range of black balsatic mountains forms the western boundary of the Tiboo country or Libyan Desert; where the continent shelves down toward the Mediterranean in a series of sandy or gravelly terraces, divided by low rocky ridges. This shelving country is cut transversely by the deep furrow in which is the long line of oases to which we have adverted as of ancient classical celebrity. A hideous flinty plain, several days' journey across, lies between it and the parallel valley of the Nile, which forms the eastern boundary of the great Deserts of Africa.

It appears thus, that insulated hills, or groups of them, generally of naked

sandstone, or granite are by no means uncommon throughout the Sahara, where they appear like islands in the vast expanse. The stony plains also are somewhat elevated, as are those of stiff clay; the sandy tracts lie lower; and deeper still are the ravines and basins which constitute the most peculiar and interesting feature of the Saharian landscape. The Desert boasts of no permanent river; but the winter rains give rise to temporary streams, which fill these hollows, and then sink to some unknown depth in the sand, or evaporate in the scorching heat of the summer sun. Ouad or Wady is the term used to designate the channels of these temporary streams, which sometimes acquire, on account of the rapidity of their fall, a velocity which uproots trees and spreads desolation everywhere in its course. This is especially the case in the northern oases. At that of Mzab, for instance, when the sky darkens toward the north, a number of horsemen set out in that direction, and station themselves at regular distances on the highest points of land. If the torrent appears, the farthest of them fires a gun; the telegraphic signal is repeated from post to post, and reaches the town in a few minutes. The inhabitants run immediately to the gardens, to awake the men who may be sleeping there, and in haste they carry away every object of value that might become the prey of the devastating flood. Presently a dreadful noise announces the irruption of the torrent; the soil of the gardens disappears beneath the water; and the Saharian city seems transported, as if by magic, to the banks of a broad and rapid river, whence arise, like little isles of verdure, innumerable heads of palm-trees — an ephemeral ornament, which disappears in a few days.

Some of the basins are very extensive, and contain beds of salt considerable enough to be worked: such are the famous Traza, Toudani, and Tishet. In latitude about thirty-four degrees north, and nearly on the meridian of London, are two large basins, called Shott, situated in a frightful desert, and divided



from each other by an isthmus from twenty-five to thirty miles broad. They present a very singular formation, which would open an interesting field of geological inquiry. The eastern basin is about one hundred and twenty miles long, and the western about eighty-five, the mean breadth of each being about six miles. These basins exhibit a fall of the earth from thirty-five to sixty feet deep, nearly vertical, and so perfectly clean and smooth that they appear as if wrought out with a chisel. Dr. Jacquot, who examined them minutely in 1847, asserts that they could not have been produced by any gradual action of water; that they are evidently *crateres de soulèvement*, and bear the appearance of having been torn open by the convulsion which upheaved the Atlas, their greater axis being parallel to that chain, like most of the accidents of the Northern Sahara. Several pluvial streams flow into these basins, and various small plants are found in them; but they become perfectly dry in summer. The local tradition of the origin of the Shott is, that at a remote period of antiquity, the Saharians, jealous of the fine sheet of water which forms the boundary of the Tell, resolved to have a sea of their own. With immense labor they excavated the two basins, and then the question was how to get them filled. A numerous caravan was equipped for the shores of the Mediterranean, with skins to bring water for their artificial sea. Allah, incensed at their presumptuous enterprize, destroyed them all by the way, and let loose a fearful tempest on the splendid city which they had built for a port on the sea which they contemplated. The ravages of time have effaced the last vestiges of the unfortunate city; but the basins of the Shott, long, dreary, sterile craters, remain a witness of the power of God and the vanity of man. If this explanation of the origin of the Shott affords little satisfaction to the geologist, it is fraught with interest to the lover of Scripture truth, who finds here, as in almost every country under heaven, a traditionary record, however

imperfect, of the events which took place at Babel.

Many of the depressions of the Sahara, whether in the forms of wads or basins, enjoy a constant supply of water by means of natural or artificial wells, and have consequently been planted and inhabited: these are the oases of the Desert; not to the eye of the geologist like islands which rise above the surrounding expanse, but hollows affording to animal and vegetable life not only the vivifying moisture, but no less needful shelter from the storms of the Desert. These verdant spots, which are often hundreds of miles apart, present considerable encouragement to the labors of the husbandman, and are in general most favorable to the cultivation of the date-palm and other fruit trees. Onions, with various herbs and vegetables, also find a congenial soil; but grain does not appear to yield abundant crops. The wide wastes abroad furnish for the most part a scanty supply of coarse grass and small shrubs, serving as pasturage for the cattle of many a nomade tribe; but there are also extensive tracts where not a morsel of verdure is to be seen. Nothing can exceed the desolation of these regions: where there is no vegetable there can of course be no animal life; day after day the traveler wends his way without seeing bird, beast, or insect; no sound, no stir breaks the dreadful silence; the dry heated air is like the breath of a furnace, and the setting sun like a volcanic fire. The desert plains that are most exposed to storms present an equally terrific scene, but somewhat different; the sand is blown into clouds that fill the atmosphere, darken the sun at noonday, and almost suffocate the traveler. Now the whirlwinds form it into columns; and one of the most magnificent and appalling sights in nature is presented. "In the vast expanse of desert," says Bruce, "we saw toward the north a number of prodigious pillars of sand at various distances, sometimes moving with great velocity, sometimes stalking on with majestic slowness. At intervals we thought they



were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm us, and small quantities of sand did actually reach us more than once: again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds; then the summits often separated from the bodies, and these once disjoined, dispersed in air, and did not appear more; sometimes they were broken in the middle, as if struck by large cannon-shot. At noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven ranged alongside of us about the distance of three miles; the greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression on my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of fleeing; the swiftest horse could be of no use to carry us out of the danger, and the full conviction of this riveted me to the spot." Another traveler had an opportunity of seeing one of these pillars crossing the river Gambia from the Great Desert. "It passed," he says, "within eighteen or twenty fathoms of the stern of the vessel, and seemed to be about two hundred and fifty feet in height; its heat was sensibly felt at the distance of one hundred feet, and it left a strong smell, more like that of saltpetre than sulphur, which remained a long time."

Downs or sandhills form a prominent and remarkable feature of the Saharian landscape. They are rounded elevations, smooth as the cupola of polished marble, sterile as the rock of naked granite, and of so uniform a color that they never appear to blend or confuse with surrounding objects. During the day, they wear the somber hue of a landscape at sunset; but by the moonlight one would think them phosphorescent, from the brightness of the light sparkling in the bosom of the shadows. In some situations, the sandhills seem to be at the mercy of the wind, travel-

ing at its bidding, and settling here or there to rise and wander forth again. Others seem to have found a permanent resting-place; and this is generally, if not always, in the shelter of a mountain-chain. Yet strange to say, the sands are not, in such a case, heaped against the mountain sides, nor yet gathered into the hollows; they form a distinct, secondary chain of themselves, corresponding in form and direction with the primary, and separated from it by a broad valley, which is covered here with pebbles, there with sand; now with herbage, and again with barrenness itself.

The camel, the sheep, and the goat, are the domestic animals of the Sahara; few wild ones of any kind are to be found in the open Desert. When the natives are asked about the lions which the learned of Europe have given them for companions, they answer with imperturbable gravity, that "perhaps in Christian countries there are lions which browse on herbage and drink the air, but in Africa they require running water and living flesh; consequently they never appear in the Sahara." The wooded mountains are infested with them, but they have no inducement to descend into the sandy plains. The only formidable creatures are of the viper and scorpion kinds. Few else except timid and inoffensive species are natural guests here: the principal are the gazelle, the ostrich, the antelope, and the wild ass; but even these seem to venture little beyond the skirts of the Desert, except in the neighborhood of mountains. The chameleon is common in the gardens of the central oases, where it is allowed to roam unmolested, being rather a favorite than otherwise. It is described as a most unsightly creature, changing its color continually, but never exhibiting a handsome one. Its hues are dunnish red or yellow, and sometimes a blackish brown; it is often varied with spots or stripes, but frequently without either. The construction of the eyes is remarkable; they seem to turn on a swivel, and are directed every way in a moment.



The Saharian traveler has frequent occasion to admire the facility with which the camel turns his head and neck completely round, and looks north, south, east, and west, without pausing, or even slackening its pace for an instant; but he ceases to wonder if he has ever observed the rapidity of the chameleon's eye.

Another singular creature is the throb, (perhaps *Monitor pulchra*,) a large species of lizard not unlike a miniature alligator. It is sometimes twenty inches long, and ten round the thickest part of the body. It is covered with scaly mail, shining, and of a dark-gray color, and has a tail four inches long, composed of a series of broad, thick, and sharp bones. The head is large and tortoise-shaped, the mouth small. It has four feet or rather hands, on which it runs awkwardly enough, owing apparently to its bulky tail. It hides in the dry sandy holes of the Desert, and the Arabs say that a single drop of water kills it. The traveler is glad to make a meal of the throb; and, prejudice apart, it is palatable food, not unlike the kid of the goat.

Nor must we omit to mention the ourdel, or waden, an animal described as between the goat and bullock in appearance. It is hunted in the sands of the Central Desert, and its flavor is said to resemble that of coarse venison. Three or four of these animals were sent to the Royal Zoological Garden of London a few years ago.

The geology of the Desert is still involved in much obscurity. Humboldt proposes the question: "Has this once been a region of arable land whose soil and plants have been swept away by some extraordinary revolution? Or is the reason of its nakedness that the germs of vegetable life have not yet been fully and generally developed?" The most recent opinion seems to be, that the latter is the true state of the case; that this expanse of desert has risen from the bosom of the ocean at a very recent period, subsequent even to the throes which gave birth to the regions of the Atlas and Soudan. The

present aspect of its surface is exactly that which it must have had while as yet submarine. The rocks hid beneath the ocean, and continually swept by its waters, must tend to become even; the loose materials of the mountains being detached and precipitated into the hollows till the culminating points present only masses of smooth and solid rock. Travelers have remarked this feature of the desert mountains as contrasted with those of Morocco: the latter exhibit wooded craggy heights, bared by winds, bitten by frosts, and hoary with age, though they are considered to have appeared after the formation of the tertiary strata — that is, while the crust of the earth was in its present state of development; but the hills of the Sahara are quite naked, dull, and dead, smooth as velvet, and exhibiting a black or purple hue of painful uniformity. This is Mr. Richardson's report of those he met in his route south from Tripoli; and he mentions what is yet more important, their disposition north and south, which, if a general rule of distribution, would go far to decide that they were not coeval with the Atlas range. The immense quantities of sea-shells found not only in the limestone-rocks, but in the sandy and pebbly plains, and the salt which prevails everywhere, seem to favor the view that the sea has, till very lately, covered the whole of the space now under consideration. Diodorus Siculus mentions a lake of Hesperides in the interior of Africa, which, according to ancient tradition, was suddenly dried up by a fearful convulsion of the earth; and Malte Brun conjectures that this lake could be no other than that which once covered the Sahara. If we were to accept this hypothesis, we could at once find the long lost isle of Atlantis, without supposing the submergence of a country whose summits only remain in the Canaries and Azores. The region of the Atlas Mountains, including the fertile shores of the Mediterranean, still wear the appearance of a great island, washed on the south by the Sahara-belama, (sea without water,)



whose sands reach from the ocean to the Gulf of Syrtis. If, however, the Atlantides of Plato must be placed in the Atlantic, and beyond the Pillars of Hercules, might not such a convulsion as submerged this country have been sufficient to upheave the Sahara?

## HOUSEHOLD DUTIES OF HOUSEWIVES.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.

IN Greece, during its most free and enlightened age, the women belonging to the common classes worked in the fields and on roads, as they now do in Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Venetian Lombardy, Styria, and the Danubian Principalities; while the men played soldier, as they now do in these countries. But in Greece, as in the dependencies of Eastern Europe at present, there was an elegant class, composed chiefly of officers in the church and of the state, of philosophers and men of wealth; and the wives which belonged to this class had duties assigned them similar to those imposed by the laws of the Jews.

Dr. Edersham, in his History of the Jewish Nation, says: "The wife was 'to grind the meal, to bake, to wash, to cook, to nurse her children, to make her husband's bed, and to work in wool.' These regulations were modified if she were wealthy. If she had brought with her one slave, she was not required to grind the meal, to bake, or to wash; if two slaves, she was also freed from cooking, and nursing her children; if three, she was not required to make the bed or work in wool; if four slaves, it is added she might sit in her chair. However, this indulgence was limited, and under all circumstances, the wife was expected, at least, to work in wool. If, by a rash vow, a husband had forsworn himself not to allow his wife to work, he was bound immediately to divorce her, as it was thought that idleness induced insanity."

Among the ancients, the most ele-

gant women worked at weaving and embroidery, as they do now in some parts of Italy. At present, almost every lady in Genoa knows how to weave silks, velvet, how to treat silk-worms, and how to embroider. Many ladies in France understand these arts, as well as lace-weaving. In Switzerland, many of them understand watch-making, painting, and the manufacture of toys. In all the countries of Europe, the lady of the house supervises the domestic expenses. Especially is this the case with the wives of merchants and artisans, who not unfrequently assume the responsibility of keeping the house, and defraying all the household expenses, for a stipulated sum agreed upon by and between the husband and wife, and graduated according to their income; and the sum is increased or reduced from year to year, according as they are blessed with prosperity or suffer pecuniary reverses. And, as the merchant of the present day is absolutely higher, in respect of the wealth and powers of the world, than were those of Venice under the republic, or the merchant-bankers in Holland when she held the reins of the commerce of the world, so should their wives now realize their responsibility for setting the examples of industry, economy, and intellectual cultivation, which have, in such an eminent degree, contributed to the elevated position now enjoyed by their husbands—the enjoyment of a power and influence which enables them to divide the world into avenues of commerce, as the horticulturalist does his garden, by *parterres* and gravel-walks. For the past few years we have heard more about "woman's rights" and the "oppressed sex," than we have of domestic economy; and while we hold up both hands for woman's equal rights, both socially and pecuniary, it does not blind us to the growing fault of the day, to a portentous fault in our cities, which require immediate reform. Since the "woman's rights" movement first began, domestic servants have steadily increased in power, ignorance, and



impudence; so that a good-natured and competent maidservant is more rare than the imperial equipages. The fault must be great, to produce so grave a misfortune as the inhabitants of cities now labor under, in the matter of domestic economy; and we fear that the housewife is not altogether free from blame in the premises.

How were maidservants ever taught their business? That is the main question. It is not one of the things that come by nature. The child who is to be the future cook or housemaid passes her early years in one or two rooms, where the whole family sleep within hearing, probably within sight of one another, and where the potatoes are kept under the bed. On the shelf, or in the cupboard, the candles and the butter, and the tea and the cheese, and the Bible, and the money, and the bread, are all shut up together. There is hardly a knife and fork apiece, and a dish or two must serve all purposes. In one such house the dinner is always of potatoes; in another it is always hard dumpling; in another it is always "pasty"—the most abominable thing ever put into a human stomach. If there is ever a better dinner, it is meat and potatoes cooked at the baker's, or a costly plate of ham from the shop. The child's frock is her only one, and it is worn on all occasions while it will hold together. The same with her bonnet and shoes.

Now, how is a child from such a home to become a servant? Somebody must teach her. If she has the good fortune to go to school, she will learn to have a clean face and tidy hair, and possibly to make a point of having two frocks and two pair of shoes. She will learn something of method and order, and her general intelligence may be quickened and enlarged. So far so good; but it is a small preparation with which to enter on service. And then recurs the question, who is to teach her? Who did teach the girls in the days of our grandmothers? Why, our grandmothers themselves, unless they were great

enough to have housekeepers, to whom the business was then deputed. And who does it now?—for there must be somebody. We imagine that the training is given in part by the housewives who keep one servant, but much more by servants to whom the training of young helpers is most improperly turned over by those who ought to do it. What chance has the girl in such a case as that of being ruled and educated by a servant who is (more likely than not,) herself ignorant, and not at all qualified for the use of power? In no relation is good sense, a reasonable and amiable temper, unflagging diligence, and inexhaustible good-will more necessary than in the training of a young girl to service. It is no light business, presently dispatched. It is heavy work, and, for a time, there seems no end to it. The girl does not know the use of half the implements she sees, does not know where to put them, or how to take care of them. Every thing is different from all her notions; she feels solitary, and ashamed, and bewildered; forgets almost every thing she is told; creeps to bed to cry herself to sleep, and is thoroughly stupid next day; or, which is more common, suddenly becomes so a week or a month after, according to the tension she can sustain. If sent away upon this, she is probably ruined for service; and if not sent away, what an affliction it is upon the mistress! Every order forgotten—every undertaking spoiled—every implement put to a wrong use—vulgar habits appearing in the parlor—fear or grief showing itself in the kitchen—many a doubt every day whether this will do, after all; and when all is right and promising, and teacher has reason to reckon on good service, some neighbor intermeddling to unsettle the pupil, with flattering speeches, and news of higher wages to be got elsewhere. Is this a discouraging prospect? It can't be helped; for it is the fact of the case where servants are really trained to their business.

The truth is, that the few good



trainers are ill used. Others profit by their labors; and the proper remedy is to increase the number of housewives who will undertake this truly womanly duty. There ought to be no difficulty about it. If young ladies are sent to boarding-schools so early and so long as to grow up ignorant of housewifely employments, there is just so much wrong done to their natures. Every little girl whose nature has free play, likes to have the charge of the keys when mamma is ill, and to go to the apple closet, and make a cake for tea, and pastry for dinner. The laundry is a pleasant place for little girls; and so is the market, with its poultry, and vegetables, and dairy produce, and flowers. Girls hate to feel at a loss about household business; they are proud and pleased to feel competent to its direction; and it is a business which can not be directed without a practical knowledge of it. The mischief is, that between the silly cowardice of parents, who will not let a girl put her hand to any thing real, or speak to the servants, and the low, false refinement of a good many husbands of our day, who require their wives to sit finely dressed in the drawing-room, scenting their flimsy pocket-handkerchiefs, and doing nothing, under the pretense of elegant employments—it is less easy than it should be for young ladies to emulate the household virtues of their grandmothers. It is hard to say what they could do better than train candidates for domestic service, or how their time could be better employed than in smoothing the path and sweetening the atmosphere of daily life for the domestic group who depend on them for so much of comfort.

Household occupations are in themselves an intellectual and moral exercise of no small strength, and they leave plenty of time for books and the arts. But if the old source of supply of good service is not to be restored by the return of young ladies to the duty of training domestics, some substitute must be found; for a condition of chronic discontent between parlor and

kitchen can not be permitted to go on without some attempt at a remedy. Industrial schools, if sufficiently multiplied, might do something; training schools for service, analogous to those for training school-teachers, might do more; but no scheme, or combination of schemes, can ever supply the defect of that personal care, instruction, and rule, which it was once considered the first duty of the mistress to exercise. Improvements in the mechanical arts may alter the nature of the work to be done; family prayers may keep up the profession of a Christian relation between the different orders of the family; but the obligation to see that all who dwell under one roof discharge their mutual offices with a single heart, and to the best of their ability, as far as instruction, authority, and a wise tenderness can do it, is one from which no change of social modes and incidents can absolve the heads of families.

#### FORGIVENESS.

"I'LL never forgive him — never!"  
 "Never is a hard word, John," said the sweet-faced wife of John Locke, as she looked up a moment from her sewing.

"He is a mean, dastardly coward, and upon this Holy Bible, I—"

"Stop — husband! John! remember he is my brother, and by the love you bear me forbear to curse him. He has done you wrong, I allow; but oh, John! he is very young and very sorry. The momentary shame you felt yesterday will hardly be wept out with a curse. It will only injure yourself, John; oh! please do n't say any thing dreadful."

The sweet-faced woman prevailed. The curse that hung upon the lips of the angry man was not spoken, but he still said, "I will never forgive him—he has done me a deadly wrong."

The young man who has provoked this bitterness, humbled and repentant,



sought in vain for forgiveness from him, whom in a moment of passion, he had injured almost beyond reparation. John Locke steeled his heart against him.

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In his little store sat the young village merchant one pleasant morning, contentedly reading the morning paper. A sound of hurried footsteps approached, but he took no notice until a hatless boy burst into the store, screaming at the top of his voice :

"Mr. Locke! Johnnie is in the river, little Johnnie Locke."

To dash down the paper and spring for the street was the first impulse of the agonized father. On, on, like a maniac, he flew to the river pallid and crazed with anguish.

The first sight that met his eyes, was little Johnnie lying in the arms of his mother, who, with her hair hanging disheveled around her, bent wildly over her child. The boy was just saved; he breathed, and, opening his eyes, smiled faintly in his mother's face, while she, with a choking voice, thanked God.

Another form laid insensible, stretched near the child. From his head the dark blood flowed from the ghastly wound. The man against whom John Locke had sworn eternal hatred, had, at the risk of his own life, been the savior of the child. He had struck a floating piece of driftwood, as he came to the surface with the boy, and death seemed inevitable. John Locke flung himself on the green sward, and bent over the senseless form.

"Save him!" he cried huskily, to the doctor who had been summoned: "restore him to consciousness, if it be only for one little moment; I have something important to say to him."

"He is reviving," said the doctor.

The wounded man opened his eyes; they met the anxious glance of his brother-in-law, and he trembled forth, "Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes! God is witness; as I hope for mercy hereafter, I freely forgive you; in turn, I ask your forgiveness for my unchristian conduct."

A feeble pressure of the hand, and a beaming smile was all his answer.

Many days the brave young man hung upon a slender thread of life, and never was more devoted friends than those who hovered over his sick bed. But a vigorous constitution triumphed, and pale and changed, he walked forth once more among the living.

"Oh! if he had died with my unkindness clouding his soul, never should I have dared to hope for mercy from my Father in heaven," said John Locke to his wife, as they sat talking over the solemn event that had threatened their lives with a life-long trouble. "Never, now that I have tasted the sweetness of forgiveness, never again will I cherish revenge or unkindness toward the erring. For there is a new meaning to my soul, in the words of our daily prayer, and I see that I have only been calling judgments upon myself, while I have impiously asked, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

#### A. GOOD WIFE.

IN the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife :

"My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as human condition permits. 'She made my home the pleasantest spot on earth to me.' And now she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect." How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary and the gallows, every year, had he been blessed with such a wife! "She made home the pleasantest spot on earth to me. What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense! Rather different from the testimony of an old man, some three years ago, just before he was hung in the Tombs' yard of New York: "I didn't intend to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each inquire, "which wife am I?"



## THE TEN DOLLAR PIANO.

A BEAUTIFUL child of seven summers, with the golden light of youth streaming all over her bright curls, childhood's fresh luster in her dark eyes, Juné's reddest roses on her dimpled cheeks, came rushing up to me.

"Oh!" she cried, tossing the stray curls from her brow, "we've got the splendidest new piano over home, and mother wants you to come and try it. She says you shall play on it first."

Now, I am a child with children; my heart bounds, my pulses leap in unison with their sportive natures, when they are by. And when the locks are silvered on my temples, and my step grows slow upon the staircase, when the voices of my loved are only like remembered music—when my hand's grasp becomes tremulous like the loosening tendrils of the dying vine, still may the dear Lord grant to me the trusting tenderness of childhood; still may the feet of infancy patter around my knee, and its red lips breathe perfume on my withered cheek.

Away went ink and pen, and up bounded I to catch the hand of little Nellie, and off we ran, in at the beautiful mansion, into a room softly lighted, where Nellie's mother, who was an invalid, laid upon her accustomed couch; and up to the new piano to soothe the weary sick one with strains of music. The instrument was one after my own heart, rich-toned, full and melodious, and the soft strains answered liquidly to my touch. Now the sweet verse of Burns' "Highland Mary," and now the sweeter music of Tappan's, "There is an Hour of Peaceful Rest," occurred to my memory, and thus I played and sang till Nellie's father came. He was a handsome man, in the full vigor of manhood, and from him his little daughter inherited her golden-tinted hair and hazel eyes. He took a seat near his wife, and drew her thin hand into his, as he spoke to her. Then when I praised the new piano, he turned to me, laughingly, saying:

"Yes; and the best part of it is, it only cost me ten dollars."

I expressed my astonishment, and my look of wonder drew another laugh from him.

"Let me tell you the story," he said, drawing little Nellie toward him, and encircling her little form with his arm, while she looked with as much astonishment as myself, and he began:

"A few years ago I went to Chicago. I had been there but a few days, when, in one of my morning walks, I encountered a girl some twelve years old, a very intelligent bright-eyed child, whose face wore such a sorrowful expression, that I almost stopped to speak with her as she passed. The morning air was raw and chilly, the ground wet from a light fall of early snow, and I noticed that, as the wind blew her thin garments about her form, she shivered with the cold.

"As she went by, she half turned, and I had gone but a little way before I heard quick footsteps behind me, and stopping, the girl lifted her hand, as if to place it on my arm; drawing back, she said, 'Please, sir, if you could give me a little money to buy bread.' 'Are you hungry?' I asked. 'Yes, sir—real hungry!' and her lips quivered. 'Doesn't your father work, and bring home bread?' 'Father is sick,' she said, 'and mother sprained her arm; and my brother, who used to help us, was drowned not long ago.'

"Something in my heart, and in her face, told me that her story was true. I took her into a baker's shop, bade her hold out her tattered apron, and filled it with loaves. Then putting five dollars in the shopman's hand, I stipulated that the poor family was to have bread every morning till the money was used up. Then I slipped another five dollars into the girl's hand, and turned hastily from her tear-filled eyes.

"Well, ten dollars were gone, and I was by no means rich enough to spare it; but I felt as if, no doubt, the Lord would make it up, and at any rate, ten



dollars was cheap enough for the rare pleasure of giving to God's poor children.

"I went back to my hotel just as the gong sounded for breakfast, and took my seat with a hundred strangers. No sooner had I commenced eating than I felt a hand laid on my elbow, and looking up, there sat an old friend I had not met for fourteen years. When I last saw him, he was a young man just starting in the world, with little means and few friends.

"I have not grown rich," he said, after the first surprise of recognition was over; "but I am able to pay my debts. Do you remember one day, fourteen years ago, you lent me ten dollars in my extremity, and told me never to pay unless I was able? How I have tried to find your address many times since, but could not. Here is a ten dollar gold piece, and I am only sorry that I can not double it, for your kindness to me when I was in trouble. But come and see me on your way through Iowa, and my wife and children will thank you with me."

"I was very much astonished and affected, for I had totally forgotten his obligation, but I could not refuse the just return. Truly, I thought, giving to the Lord does not impoverish even in worldly means, and I said to myself, I will see what this ten dollars will bring me. So, looking about, I made a little investment in the new land, and went on my way fully satisfied with myself and the world in general. Three weeks ago I had an offer of five hundred dollars for my wee bit of land; I accepted it; and, as my little wife and little Nellie have long been teasing me for a piano, I bought this for them."

"It seems like a dream," said I, gazing with a sort of reverence on the beautiful instrument; "you ought to commemorate the incident in some manner," I added.

"I have thought of inscribing on a small silver plate the words, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days;' but it does

not seem exactly appropriate to the case."

"Did you ever see the girl again, papa?" asked Nellie.

"No, my dear, but I have heard from her through a German missionary. She is a good scholar, and teaches school herself, now, in Chicago. She has become a handsome and refined young woman, and is educating her only brother younger than herself. I learned from him that my little gift put new life into the sinking heart of the poor, sick father, and the nourishment procured with some of the money gave strength to his weak frame. The father obtained employment, the little brother found work to do in an office, and the girl obtained the favorable notice of a celebrated pianist, who saw that she possessed musical gifts of a high order, so that by his cultivation she became enabled to support herself. So, you see, ten dollars made a whole family happy, grateful, and useful, and bought me this beautiful instrument."

#### A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

WHILE passing along the streets of a beautiful village one day, I overtook a couple of little boys, and overheard the following conversation which passed between them with much apparent earnestness. Said one of them, the larger of the two:

"Well, . . . , have you decided to go with me this afternoon? Some other boys have promised to go, and we are sure to have a great time."

"No!" replied . . . , "I can't go."

"Why not?" inquired the first speaker.

"Because," said . . . , "it is *wrong*."

"What makes you think it is wrong?" asked the former.

"Well, I think it is not right, and my *mother* says it is wrong."

"You are forever telling what your *mother* says. Do you think *she* knows every thing? And do you always expect to do just as *she* says?" continued the questioner.



"I think," returned . . . , "that my mother knows what is right and wrong a great deal better than you or I do, and I do not mean to do any thing *she forbids*."

To this noble declaration the other boy exclaimed, "Well, I have no mother now, and as for my father, he don't trouble himself much about my affairs. He sometimes scolds me, when he catches me in a scrape."

At this stage of the conversation, having arrived at the corner of the streets, they separated; one, the larger, turning into a side street, down toward the canal; the other, who, I observed, had a book under his arm, continuing on up toward a school, while I passed on, reflecting upon the great difference in the condition and prospects of the two. One, under the care of an ever-watchful, affectionate, and wise mother, how almost certain is he, if spared, to grow up an intelligent, useful man. While the other, with no other parental encouragement or restraint than that of a cold, indifferent, and mistaken father, how almost as certain is he to become the companion of the dissolute and the depraved! And yet, how large a class there are in our villages and cities of whom it may be said this last mentioned boy is a fair representative in character. Oh, how do such need the constant watch, care, and influence of a faithful Christian mother! Not that I would, in these remarks, be regarded as a disparager of a father's just and firm influence and example. I would give each their proper value. But, oh! how early in life is a *mother's* influence felt, and how abiding and permanent its effects!

I doubt not but that, in my own case, I owe much more to the stern, unbending integrity, the strong sense, and the faithful discipline of my father, than I am accustomed to realize. But this seems something that I must remember, or upon which I am obliged to reason, in order to appreciate it. Whereas the sleepless, holy, unselfish love and consistent example of my sainted mother is ever a living, present

reality — a very sea in which I would delight to bathe my entire being, certain of becoming purer and better by every ablution. And so far are the soft breathings of her gentle voice from being lost in the distance, they seem to fall more and more distinctly and sweetly upon my ear, the farther time removes me from the days and scenes of my childhood, and the longer I listen to the discordant jarrings of man's selfishness and inhumanity. Sure am I, that if there is a man among all my fellows for whom I sorrow, it is he whose ear never listened to the voice, whose head never felt the soft hand, whose eye never witnessed the smile, and who was never blessed with the prayers of a kind Christian mother. And if there is a being whose cup is being filled to the very brim with sweetest memories, it is she who, however poor, obscure, and afflicted, is yet permitted to mold and train a bright, affectionate, obedient son. Her work is a noble and an enduring one. Her labor of love shall not be lost, nor her prayers go up in vain.— *Mother's Magazine*.

#### CHILDREN'S TEETH.

THE importance of preserving children's teeth seems but poorly understood by those having the care of them, or if understood, sadly neglected. Children properly fed, clothed, and exercised in the open air, seldom if ever have any difficulty with their teeth, after they are once fairly through the gums. The roots of the first teeth gradually absorb as the permanent ones grow to take their places, and in due time fall out or are more easily extracted with the fingers. Never take out one of these first teeth simply because it is loose, unless you can see the new tooth coming to take its place.

But why do children's teeth decay so early? Doubtless the most fruitful causes are bad diet, or indulging the appetite to excess. The child is fed



from the mother's plate, is denied neither mince-pie, nor pound-cake, relishes, or pickles cured in diluted acid, and is not forgotten when the mother goes to the candy shops. These things, with many others, tend to bring on a derangement of the stomach, and a consequent acid condition of the saliva, which cause an early decay of the teeth, even long before the second set has begun to appear. This early loss is unnatural, and the consequent shrinking of the jaws and gums is the cause of much of the irregularity of the teeth at the present day, and this early trouble is increasing and will continue to increase until mothers give more attention to the proper diet of their children, and care for their teeth, for there is no time in life when care is more needed than from the appearance of the first to the completion of the second set.

#### HOW TO SECURE PEACE AT HOME.

IT is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house; a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weaknesses, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many homes are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing and patient in a neighbor's house. If any thing go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not design; and this is not easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home; but maintain, without fear, that all the

courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband as willing to be pleased at home and as anxious to please as in his neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we ever gained any thing good by giving way to it. Fits of ill-humor punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be required to avoid them.

#### DO-AS-YOU-LIKE PRINCIPLE.

THE *Independent*, in an article on the physical degeneracy of the American people, speaks as follows:

"The child's will governs too much. If they do not choose to go to bed they sit up; if they choose certain articles of food they must have them, parents forgetting that instinct is no safe guide in a child, whatever it may be in an animal. So we see them in their delicate organization, keeping late hours when they ought to go to bed with the birds; sleeping often in warm and lighted rooms, when the sleeping room should be cool and dark; and eating hot bread, pudding and cakes, and drinking tea and coffee to the infinite detriment of nerves and stomach. The injury thus early done can never be repaired; as a machine imperfectly constructed at first can never be made to run faultlessly.

"This is the secret. Parents should know that instinct is no safe guide to a child, particularly when the child is surrounded on all sides with poisonous delicacies. To ask a child seated at a modern table what it will have, and give it what it asks for, merely because it asks for it, is a very common practice. But it is as cruel as it is common. Have mercy on the children!"



## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE is perhaps no lesson that we learn in life of more importance than the lesson of personal responsibility. And it is only in proportion as we learn it thoroughly and well that the full manliness of manhood and the true worth of womanhood can be fully developed. It is the lesson which divides the child from the man; the slave from the freeman; the weak, helpless, and dependant, from the active and strong — which creates the most marked difference between the power of the master hand, and the impotence of his humble, vacillating follower.

The difference of intellect in different individuals is very great, but the greatest intellect is worthless until it understands and rests upon its own responsibility; and the weakest one is dignified and elevated by a full appreciation of it. It is rarely that any one learns this lesson so long as those are near him upon whom he can rely, or at least those upon whom he has been accustomed to rely. It is easier for indolent human nature to lean upon something out of itself, rather than to build up that internal strength which will enable it to meet the storms of life alone. The young child rests with happy confidence upon the responsibility of its parents rather than its own, and it is this which distinguishes the careless weakness of the child from the self-reliant strength of mature life. The native self-reliance with which different minds are endowed will be found to differ very widely; and where a child possesses but little of this quality, it should be cultivated as far as possible by those who have his training in charge. The mother bird, when she casts her young out of the nest in order that they may learn the use of their new-fledged wings, is giving them their first lesson in personal responsibility. They may find it hard to be thus cast from the shelter of the maternal wings, but they must try their own, or they will never learn to fly. And it is very well that they should take their first lessons while the nest where they were fledged remains, so that, when they are very weary with their efforts, they can go back and find rest and consolation in its shelter.

There are some human parents who do not think of this, but leave their children to be cast helplessly upon the world by some unforeseen accident, before one trait of self-reliance or personal responsibility has been cultivated in their characters. No wonder that such children find the lesson of self-dependence a very weary one to learn, but where it has been taught to the child, as it should be, by slow degrees, the exercise of this quality will be a constant source of pleasure and enjoyment.

It is possible for a child to possess too much, as well as too little native self-reliance, for judgment and experience are needed as a support in the proper exercise of this quality. Otherwise it would not have been necessary to place the child so helplessly as he has been placed in the hands of his parents. For if the responsibility of manhood could be exercised without the aid of judgment and experience, it could be entered upon at the beginning of life as well as at any other time. But where a strong self-reliance manifests itself without these necessary adjuncts, it can hardly be called personal responsibility, but rather a blind willfulness and obstinacy, and this trait of character needs quite as much if not more care in training than its opposite weakness.

It seems a plain inference from the order of nature, that a child should be taught his responsibility in certain things as soon as his judgment and experience in those things have been developed. He will thus learn the lesson of his responsibilities easily and cheerfully, and the exercise of them will never be a weariness but a pleasure to him. Let him, while he is yet a child, be responsible for something — if it is no more than putting his toys in place.

Some parents who are strongly self-reliant in themselves, seem to cultivate, or at least permit an opposite weakness in their children, either from a blind forgetfulness, or from a fear that a proper calling out of their child's self-reliance will interfere with the due exercise of their own authority. But this can never be, if their authority is worth anything, for the only real obedience springs from



principle and love of obedience, and not from want of strength to resist.

There are very few whose full strength of character is ever called into exercise until it has been driven out by necessity. "Occasion makes the man." But he who has never learned to hold himself responsible in minor matters before he is called upon to act for himself in the more important affairs of life, will rarely find that occasion makes him very much of a man. The vine which has twined firmly round some strong support through all the winds and storms that blew upon its growth, will not find that it has grown suddenly into a tree when that support is removed, but will sink to the earth and be crushed and trampled under foot. The oak that grows from its first growth amid the monarchs of the forest, surrounded and hemmed in by these armed legions, will find, if the shelter in which it grows is suddenly removed, that however nobly its head may tower toward heaven, its trunk will be racked to its foundation, if not utterly overthrown by the tempests to which it is exposed; while its brother tree that grows in the open field has so braced by slow degrees its tender fibres in the earth, that it can stand almost without a jar the shock of the same storm that overthrew its fellow. Just so it is with human life. The daughter who goes forth from the too careful shelter of her father's home, at once to the fond protection of a husband's strength, will not be nearly as well prepared to enact her duties there, as if some seeming misfortune, or a fondness less unwise, had taught her first her own responsibility. And if she should, after being thus trained, be left a widow with young children depending upon her, how little will she be fitted to cope with the trials she must meet. The daughter who has an invalid mother, or who has had the misfortune to lose her mother in early life, so that the cares of the household have devolved upon her, will be likely to perform her domestic duties better than the one who has had the best of training under her mother's eye, because necessity has called all her powers into exercise, while she who has a mother to whom she can refer, will lean, unconsciously perhaps, upon her mother's strength.

But all that is necessary to be taught of

domestic care can be taught to a daughter under her mother's eye, if it be wisely done. Let the mother and daughter change places; and while the mother secures the rest which she undoubtedly needs, let the daughter assume the cares of the household, and hold herself responsible that every thing goes right during the time of her administration. What if she fails in many things at first, as probably she will? How much better for her to fail here, where she has an experienced mother to whom she can refer her failures when her work is done, and learn the reason of them, and the manner in which they should be corrected, than in the house of her husband, who knows nothing about such things, and least of all how to excuse them. Such lessons should be repeated again and again in a daughter's home education, intermitting them when the household grow weary of the administration of inexperience, and letting the experience of the mother assume its place.

And they should be given not merely to the daughter who "expects to be married,"—for it is no matter whether she ever expects to marry or not, she probably expects to live, and she should lose no opportunity of learning the proper ways and means of living. She will thus learn not only the proper management of her own hands and feet, but also the proper management of those who may be called to assist her in her work. How much more self-possessed—how much more interested and interesting will be the manner in which such a daughter moves about the house, than the lolling, apathetic movement of one who has no interest in the household, and indeed no worthy object of interest anywhere.

There are some unfortunate children who, either from the imbecility of their parents, or from having lost their parents and been thrown upon the world in helpless poverty, have had their self-reliance cultivated at too early an age, and in a very unhappy way. Their physical natures make their early demands upon them, and finding themselves wholly, or almost wholly responsible for the gratification of these bodily wants, their self-reliance has been drawn out in the form of a low cunning, or a sharp defiance of the world, before their judgment or their moral natures are at all developed. They learn to hold



themselves responsible for the gratification of their physical natures alone, without any acquaintance with their moral natures, which are more tardy in development; and this early assumption of physical responsibility, without regard to any thing beyond, will through all their lives stand sadly in the way of their learning, or assuming any moral responsibility. The existence of such a human anomaly is a great evil, not only to itself, but to every thing with which it comes in contact; and a wise government should strive by every means to guard against the existence of any such exhausting fungus on the trunk of the body politic.

On the other hand the slavery, which supplies for the slave, to a certain extent, all his bodily wants, thus releasing him from physical responsibility, and giving no cultivation to his moral nature, transforms him into a being whose heedless irresponsibility is as much an evil to his owner as to himself. Look into the face of one who has descended through a long line of ancestry thus trained, and see if it does not contain a look of idle irresponsibility which could only be obtained from such a long and ill-advised inheritance. The human being has grown as nearly into a machine as is possible for humanity; and though there may occasionally be a strength of character infused into such a nature, sufficient to overcome this evil training, such a case will be the exception, not the rule. We were made for responsible and accountable beings, and whatever fate it is that turns us aside from the exercise of this responsibility, it does us an injury, and unfits us for the duties of life. And he only has a full understanding of his responsibilities as a human being who studies them equally in their relations to himself, to his fellow beings, and to his God.

A friend sends us the following hopeful remonstrance with the lingering of the last winter, that came as the first flowers did, too late to ornament the spring:

"What has become of April and May? We know that if the calendar be true, we are now in the midst of these months, yet strange fancies sometimes cross our brain, of sad mistakes on the part of almanac makers,

and we are led to believe ourselves still in February or March. Oh! how we long for the warm breath of spring. Alas! for 'April showers' which were so sure to 'bring May flowers!' They are but remembrances of childhood, things *that were*. The robins, too, thought it spring, for many a cheerful note accompanied the few rays of sunshine and warmth felt in early April. But even these *few* merry warblers that were lured from their sunny home in the south, are convinced of their mistake in time, and for many a day their glad notes have been hushed, and instead, the wind creeps around the chimney-corner and through every crevice, whistling its cold and cheerless song of snow and storm; not as enlivening as the robin's notes, by half. Can it be that nature has grown fickle and false — a friend we can not trust? Has she too learned a lesson of human friendship — a lesson that teaches her to betray those who confide in her smile? Ah, no! we have the assurance that 'seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, shall never fail.' The God of nature is still the same; and though the clouds are dark, we will yet trust Him. Spring *will* come. The flowers, and foliage of every tree will yet burst forth, clad in new beauty, only the more to cheer and gladden our hearts by their tardy footsteps. JEANNE."

## HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

A nurse should be of a happy, cheerful disposition; this has a most beneficial influence on the character and health of children. The youngest child is sensibly affected by the feelings apparent in the faces of those around him. How beautifully is this circumstance illustrated in the following quotation from the diary of a titled and amiable woman of former times, which, although a fiction, the paragraph I quote is so true to nature, that I can not refrain from inserting it. Speaking of her first, an infant boy, she writes:

"Yesterday it happened, as I nursed him, that being vexed by some trifling matters that were not done as I desired, the disturbed expression of my countenance so distressed him that he uttered a complaining cry; made happy by a smile and by the more serene aspect that affection called forth, he



nestled his little face again in my bosom, and did soon fall asleep. It doth seem a trifling thing to note, but it teacheth the necessity of watchfulness."

An active, cheerful, good-humored nurse, by regular affectionate attendance, by endeavoring to prevent all unnecessary suffering, and by quickly comprehending the language of signs in her little charge, will *make* a child good-humored. Yet, on the other hand, the best-humored woman in the world, if she is stupid, is not fit to have the care of a child, for it will not be able to make her understand any thing less than vociferation. A careless, negligent, and passionate woman will not only injure the temper of the child, but its health too. If possible, avoid placing children under the charge of an individual suffering from any great natural defect — a person who squints, for instance, or who may have lost an eye, or who is lame, or particularly ugly, or even one who has a bad expression of countenance. Any one who stutters, or has any kind of impediment in speech; nay, any one whose voice is particularly harsh and loud, or whose manners are rough and clumsy, is not a fit person to have charge of children.

DR. BULL.

#### RECIPES.

**STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.**—Make a short cake according to your most approved method. Those country housekeepers who have plenty of sour cream, know best how to make them; but if you are without this, use your best rule for light biscuit. Roll it out a little more than half an inch in thickness, and of a size that will fill a common square baking tin. Slash it across in diamonds, with a knife cutting through the surface of the dough, but not deep enough to break when it is divided. Place it in an oven of just the right heat, and bake till it is done, and no longer. Turn it bottom upward upon a clean napkin or molding slab, and split it neatly with a knife. Spread each half with butter. Have your strawberries picked and strewed with sugar an hour previous. A pint will

answer for the cake, but twice the quantity will be an improvement. When the hot cake has been split and spread with butter lay the strawberries evenly over the surface, smoothing with a knife, and replace the lower half of the cake, sandwiching the strawberries between. Turn it right side up upon a platter of the right size to receive it, and send at once to table. Your husband as he sits opposite you at the table will probably divide and serve it out with such a look of gratification as will amply repay you for your trouble.

**ST AWBERRY JAM.**—Take some scarlet strawberries quite ripe; bruise them well, and add the juice of other strawberries; take an equal weight of lump sugar; pound and sift it; stir it thoroughly into the fruit, and boil it twenty minutes over a slow fire, taking off the scum as it rises; pour it into glasses or jars, and when cold tie them down.

**RASPBERRY JAM.**—To every pound of fruit use a pound of sugar, but always boil the fruit well before you add the sugar to it — it will be a better color; put your fruit in your preserving pans, mashing them with a long wooden spoon. After boiling them a few minutes, add the same quantity of sugar as fruit, boiling it for half an hour, keeping it well stirred. When sufficiently reduced, fill your jars.

**GOOSEBERRY JAM.**—Take what quantity you please of ripe gooseberries, and half their quantity of lump sugar; break them well, and boil them together for half an hour or more, if necessary; put them into pots, and cover with paper.

**CHERRY JAM.**—Having stoned and boiled three pounds of fine cherries, bruise them and let the juice run from them; then boil together half a pound of red currant juice, and half a pound of loaf sugar; put the cherries into these while they are boiling, and strew on them three quarters of a pound of sugar. Boil all together very fast for half an hour, and then put it into pots; when cold, put on brandy papers.



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